

# NEW YORK Saturday STAR A Popular Paper

## Journal of Pleasure & Profit

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by BNADE AND COMPANY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. III.

E. F. Beadle,  
William Adams,  
David Adams.

NEW YORK, MAY 4, 1872.

TERMS IN ADVANCE

No. 112.

### THE BIRTH OF THE BABE SPRING.

BY MALCOLM TAYLOR, JP.

"Near northward Sol—send now thy smile  
Down kindly on the patient Earth;  
And, Nature nurturing the while,  
Let her to beauteous babe give birth."  
Thus said sage Time, the Season's sire,  
Unto his first physician, Sun;  
For such he knew, in honest hire,  
Full well and worthy would be done.  
So Earth soon from her couch arose,  
By smile released from pressing pain,  
For, 'neath a heavy spread of snows,  
She languishing so long had lain.  
While kind nurse Nature wrapping bands  
Of warm and balmy skies did bring;  
And, hudding in her gentle hands,  
Soon swaddling clothed the new-born Spring.  
Then, proud of her new-gotten charge,  
She beckoned by the little birds,  
And bade them, to the world at large,  
Go whisper soft the welcome words.  
The news on wings of gladness flew,  
All, whether getting grief or glee,  
Such too strange deeming to be true,  
From far and near came self to see.  
Mad March first viewed the infant fair,  
And blustered forth full angrily,  
In surly voice, to think it dare  
Intrude so soon, then passed by.  
But April, such her happiness,  
She drops of weeping joy did weep;  
And baptizing with tears did bless  
The sweet babe smiling in its sleep.  
Then May, she too, with heart love-light,  
Near smothered it with kisses kind;  
And from her lap, of blossoms bright,  
Around its brow a wreath entwined.  
Land, Air and Sea, each lent a voice  
To loudly make the welling ring;  
Even moody Man did too rejoice,  
And help to hail the new-born Spring.

### Hercules, the Hunchback: The Fire-Fiends of Chicago.

A REVELATION OF THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.  
AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TALISMAN," "HOODWINKED,"  
"BLACK CRESCEENT," "BLACK HAND," ETC.

#### CHAPTER VII. THROUGH FIRE!

LIKE the crash of a myriad cymbals in the hands of demons, rung the alarm-bells—a shrieking tocsin, withering timid hearts with its death-knell peals.

Fire! Fire! To right, to left, in front, behind, everywhere—hissing, arsing, roaring—on! on! came the anaconda-like flames, wreathing spout-columns of destruction, and striking terror into the multitude.

Chicago was doomed. With its vast wealth of capital and beauty, it was toying under the relentless swoop of the Fire-Fiend, rushing forward, on hurricane wings, more fierce, more overwhelming than the death-blast of the desert.

And on the roof of a house in Polk street an exciting scene was progressing, a contest only second to the strife waging between the Destroying Angel and his merciless torch, and the resistance of man.

"Stand back! Stand back!" cried Greveille, as the boy, Trix, halted at the frowning muzzle of the pistol. "Stand, I say!—or you die!"

Only the hesitation of a second.

"Let go! Let go!—or I'll strike!"

The heavy club twirled in the air.

"Crack! I went the pistol."

The aim was flurried and bad; the bullet missed its mark.

With a yell, Trix struck the weapon from his grasp.

In self-defense, Greveille had to loose his hold upon the hunchback.

They grappled. Evard wrenched the club from him.

But Trix was supple, active, strong. He clung to his antagonist with a wild, clutching embrace, and ground his teeth in fury.

Backward from the eaves, catching short, painful breaths in the thick smoke, hard and savagely each struggled for the mastery.

"Zone! Zone!" cried the hunchback, the large veins standing out on his face like cords, in the severe physical tax he was enduring, and looking very like a demon himself, in the bright glare, with blood-smeared face and staring eyes.

"Zone! Zone!"

"Hercules! Oh, Heaven—"

"Quick, girl! God give you strength!

Catch me about the neck! Quick!"

In a second she had obeyed, clinging to the hold tenaciously.

"Hold fast! Hold fast, now!" swinging round, with a lightning movement, and gaining an additional grip on the eaves, with his released hand. "Now, girl, when I raise you up, reach over, and grasp the inside of the eaves!" the closing order, in breathless gasps.

Then, slowly, with the double weight straining those more than human muscles, he drew himself up.

"Keep cool! Keep cool!—now!"

Strangely calm throughout the terrible ordeal, she again obeyed him promptly; threw out one hand, and gained the precious hold.

"Now, climb! Climb on my shoulder! Up, quickly!"

He forced her upward, again sustaining himself and her by the stern clinch of a single hand—a Hercules, indeed!

Soon she was safe upon the roof.

But she paused, uttering a cry.

Two men were swaying dizzily, to one side, on the very edge, battling for life!



"Come, come, come!" She receded slowly, beckoning Zone to follow.

As if by mutual consent, they staggered back from the treacherous footing. In the same moment, Trix broke away, and snatched up the club, bounded to the front of the house.

"Zone!—take care! It is a madman!" shouted Greveille.

Hercules was just gaining the roof, his strength almost insufficient to extricate him.

He saw his danger, saw the club poised to strike.

"Trix! Boy!—you are mad! Keep off!"

"No!—I'm not mad! I'm not mad!"

"What would you do—urg—g!"

Thud! fell the club. A little truer, and it would have accomplished its murderous intent! Only an inch short—it glanced off the temple, hit the eaves, shot from the hand that held it.

Still the blow was severe. The skin was broken, and fresh blood streamed forth from the wound.

Then a set of snaky fingers closed on the throat of the Hunchback; his vision swam in the vortex of partial insensibility.

"Remember the Rose-Lip!" hissed the boy. "Murderer of my mother!—remember! It was you who killed Rose-Lip! Die! die!"

Tighter, tighter pressed the strangling fingers; darker grew the brain of Hercules, as he quivered helplessly, for he dare not let go his hold on the eaves.

The fire had entered the first and second stories.

Twice was he forced back from the staircase by the chokeful, cindered air that poured in through the open trap.

But escape by the roof was cut off.

Like a river in mid-air, floated the dread element overhead; to venture out was to die.

Then down the stairs, groping as if through an oven of heat and mist, the dwarf started with his burden.

"Courage, here! Bury your face in my coat; else you will strangle!"

"Hercules, we are doomed!" moaned Gascon.

"No!" exclaimed the Hunchback, grinding his teeth, part with pain, part with de-

termination. "No!—not doomed, though Satan himself were holding us! Courage, I say!"

As, courage. Both needed it.

It seemed to Gascon his bearer was wading through an avenue of hungry flame, over a bed of coal.

He could hear the singe of hair on the dwarf's head. His own flesh was crispin.

All around them closed the fire-tongues—darting in from every side, searching for that with which to feed their glowing palates.

But Hercules held his burden tighter, and, with a growling cry, pressed onward.

Soon they reached the back door—when lo! it was fastened; and the key had been withdrawn.

Their last hope seemed gone!

The spot whereon they had been forced to pause was free from hurt as yet; and this must be enveloped shortly. They had passed through the fire, which now grew more raging behind them, as if angered at their preservation.

Hark! what was that? A dull, crackling sound; the building was sinking in upon them.

At the same instant, there issued from the seething dome above a demoniacal howl:

"Remember the Rose-Lip! Remember!—ha! ha! ha!"

Like a knell of doom it rung in the dwarf's ears, for it recalled a dark scene of the past, more vivid now, when encompassed by those red walls of death!

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

"HURRY, Zone!—in here, and we are safe. The fire will never come this way."

Evard Greveille drew the strange girl into his house, away from the hustling, elbowing, shouting sea of humans that had almost lifted them from their feet, as they fled with the current of thousands who

were driven from their homes on that fearful night.

In the silence of the broad hall they paused—panting with exertion, weak except with excitement—and listened to the din without, which came to their ears like the murmur and surge of a storm-lashed ocean on a rocky shore.

"Hercules?" she exclaimed, suddenly, and in anxious inquiry.

Not until now had they noted his absence.

"He probably lost us in the crowd," returned Greveille. "It is too late to think of him now. No doubt he will be here in search of you soon—knowing we fled together. Come with me."

She followed him to the parlor.

The lights were burning just as he had left them when he started, in the early evening, to keep his engagement with the young fortune-teller.

"Alas, Evard! I fear I am ruined."

"Ruined? How?"

"I had a great deal of money in bonds—my all. They were in the Red Room at my house."

"Every thing there is certainly lost. Why did you not think of it before our flight?"

"I scarce know; I was so excited, I forgot."

"You have passed through enough to rob you of reason!" he exclaimed, recalling the recent accident and battle on the roof of Zone's house.

She shuddered at thought of her narrow escape from death.

"All my instruments, too, and books—they are lost."

"You will never need those again, Zone, if you will but return my love."

He fixed his eyes in a passionate gaze on that rude mask, which, he felt sure, was but a screen to features even more beautiful than her form.

But a new thought entered his brain. What if Hermoine should discover Zone?—ascertain the latter's character—a fortuneteller, professing affiliation with spirits of another world, a knowledge of the secrets of the firmament, mesmeric powers, all of which gave her a peculiar sway over that minority of people whose solid sense took flight before the exercise of trickish mystification.

What if Hermoine was listening?—had heard him betray his love for the masked queen?

He knew the woman he called his sister was sensitive, proud, exacting. Then, would there not be discord in the house ere long? He must conduct her elsewhere, and that immediately.

While these conjectures flashed across the mind of Evard Greveille, a feeling of equal intensity, though different in mold, was kindling a new excitement in Zone's bosom.

In that house was a record of some kind—of great value to her—tied with a black ribbon, sealed with a black seal. Only Evard Greveille knew where it was, only he could give it to her; and she had won his promise to let her have it.

Yet, a plan had formed within her. Why not secure the record herself, since circumstances had thrown her here in its proximity?

"Evard," she said, "I am worried. I fear all is not right with Hercules."

He was returning from the doorway, whether he had stopped to see if Hermoine was eavesdropping.

"Do not be anxious, Zone."

"Yet, Evard, I—"

"What will you have me do?" He saw that she hesitated in asking something.

"Humor me. Won't you go and look for him?"

"As far as the door?"

"No; further. Walk a few squares over the route we came."

"Why, it is folly! The streets are crowded. Even did we meet, we might pass each other unawares."

"Still, I know you will humor me. I am sure he will come that way, if he comes at all; and I would have you hasten him."

Up to this moment he had not recurred, mentally, to his first surprise when, in the house of Zone, he saw that she and the Hunchback were acquainted. Now, the singularity of the occurrence, the signs of recognition between them, struck him.

He was shrewd, keenly perceptive, suspicious by nature—doubly so by his evil life, and consequent fears. Though hoodwinked in more ways than one, owing to his mysterious infatuation with a woman whose face he had never seen, he was yet disposed to question those things which bore semblance to personal involvement.

Instantly he asked himself:

"How came she to know the Hunchback? Why is she so anxious about him?"

He was gazing intently at her.

"Will you go, Evard?"

"Zone," slowly, "how long since you made the acquaintance of Hercules?"

She started as he put the abrupt question;

but that start was so adroitly played into another movement it escaped him.

She saw that she had betrayed herself.

She must answer promptly.

"I have not known him long, Evard. He saved me from injury about a month ago, from that same mad boy you encountered on the roof. Who he is I know not. But I am twice in his debt now—for my life. Is it not natural that I should feel grateful to my preserver? You would have lost Zone, but for him."

Her closing speech had more effect than all she had said preceding it—as she intended.

Still he asked:

"And who is that mad boy?"

"A stranger. He came to me once, to know his fortune. Since the moment of our interview he has—has—"

"Well?"

"Ridiculous as it may seem, Evard, he has loved me. He told me so. I made his tale of affection seem so nonsensical, that I believe it has been the cause of his insanity. And, his love turning to hate, he—"

"Never mind. Wait till I return, and tell me more. I will go after Hercules. But, first, promise me you will not stir from this room—that you will make no noise to betray your presence."

"I promise."

She was glad on any condition to see him depart.

Evard Greville walked with his head hung, after leaving the house. He was pondering deeply.

Hercules, the Hunchback, had been his tool in removing Mortimer Gascon. Hercules and Zone were acquainted. Zone had requested him to give her a certain parchment roll, which, through some mystery, she knew to be where he could find it. What was she for that parchment? Should he believe in the recent sorcery at the house of the fortune-teller?

Items of this ilk were not overlooked by a man of his character, even under the spell of love. He had taught himself to sift those complications in life which bore directly on personal surrounding; and with crime on his conscience, fear of his late ghostly visitor in his heart, and conjectures as to the extent of the intimacy existing between Hercules and Zone, coming in his meditations, he had not taken a dozen steps ere he forgot why he was there on the street—oblivious to the great excitement prevailing an every side, heedless of those who rushed past him with a push and a jolt, sending up the scorching cry of "fire" from their hoarse throats.

When he left the parlor he closed the door, and Zone heard him turn the key in the lock.

She arose quickly, and tried the knob. "He has fastened me in!" she exclaimed, lowly. "What shall I do?" Lu said the old desk must be in this house; and the records are in the desk—hark! what's that?"

There was a light footfall in the entry; the rustle of a dress told it was a woman.

She drew back, glancing around her for a place of concealment. She was as anxious to remain unseen as was Evard Greville to have her presence kept secret.

"I must not be found here; it will ruin my plan. Perhaps it is a servant, and she will depart soon—if she enters at all, since the door is locked."

Before she could take a step, the door flew wide open.

"Delia Rivers!—she here!"

It was Heremoine. But how much unlike the beautiful woman of a few hours gone!

The plaster over the ugly knife-wound was displaced a little, and clots of blood stained her cheeks—cheeks of a deathly hue.

The lips were purpled and swollen, as if she had been cruelly biting them with her white, even teeth; her hair was disheveled; her attire was torn and loose; and in her large, lustrous eyes there was a peculiar, vacant stare, that could have but one meaning—*insanity*.

She smiled strangely, in a way idiotic, and beckoned, with a nervously-working hand, to Zone, who stood transfixed in contemplation of the unexpected sight.

"See!" said the maniac, in a voice so low, so weird, so melodious, that it sounded like the liquid murmur of some unearthly instrument, "he imprisoned you. It was unkind, wasn't it? But, I'll liberate you. How queer you look! What's that on your face? Take it off—don't be afraid: I won't hurt you. Ha! ha! ha! Come—come with me, I say: I'll take you away from prison. Come—come—come—" She receded slowly, beckoning Zone to follow.

#### CHAPTER IX.

JOSE MORENO SECURES A PRIZE.

"STRIKE! Strike now!" roared Miguel, as he wrenches the tongs from their intended victim, and caught her arm in a vice-like grip.

Shriek after shriek rang from the lips of little Carl.

Lu was silent. She glared upon them with a deadly hate burning in her great, starting eyes, and breathed hard between her tight-locked teeth.

She might have saved herself from the impending blow, by letting go the boy and springing backward; but this she would not do.

She saw that Jose had determined on gaining possession of the child, and a resolution to prevent this, had alone nerved her to a threefold strength in her desperate resistance.

But Jose found it difficult to make the fatal thrust, without injury to the boy.

"Strike, there!" snarled Miguel, again, as he held on to the arm which still fought him, while the negress kept her eyes fixed upon Jose Moreno. "Strike, now! What are you at?—there'll be a botch here, presently!"

And all the while, Lu was dragging herself back, back—a fearful struggle, such as can only be where it is a fierce contest for life, with odds on a murderous side.

Miguel was enraged. Busyng himself with striving to give his companion a chance for the dead stroke, he was, at the same time, growling monstrous oaths, swearing by gasps, cursing the negress for her courage and endurance.

Suddenly, the glittering steel hissed downward. The blade was crimsoned by a spurt of blood.

With a moaning cry, she sunk over, and Jose snatched the screaming boy from her arms.

"Out of this quickly, now!" Jose cried, stifling Carl with his broad hand.

"Out it is!" exclaimed Miguel. "Curse the wench!—did I not say she would fight furiously? I am bruised to death!"

Jose was disappearing through the doorway—Miguel was following, when he felt a pair of long arms glide around him.

Ere he could recover from his surprise, he was hurled to the floor.

The negress had not been killed, as the villains supposed; but on her neck was a broad, bleeding gash that told how near the knife had striven for its mark.

She glowered over him, one knee on his breast, one hand at his throat—the other clenched and quivering aloft.

"Devils! you are alive again!" ejaculated the astounded ruffian.

"Yes!" she hissed, burying that claw-like hand deeper and deeper in his flesh: "I'm alive! You thought you'd kill old

Lu, eh?—you thought you'd kill me! You tried to do it once before, in New Orleans! But you couldn't! Ha! ha! ha! I have you, now!—I have you!" Jerking him roughly and bumping his head spitefully.

He essayed, in vain, to release himself. He was strangling. That savage hold on his throat was closing tighter, tighter, till his ears were ringing and his face purpling.

"Leave off! Ha!—don't you see you are hurting me?" he articulated, in a half-choked, ludicrous whine.

"Hurting you!—hurting you, am I? Yes—I'll kill you! I'll kill you!"

Despite the process of strangulation, Miguel roared, raved, snarled, blasphemed—all uselessly; he was taken at a disadvantage, she had him firmly pinned, and, angered by the smart of the wound she had received, she pulled, shook, scratched, choked him, dealt him blows with her bony fist, while he writhed beneath her like a conquered giant.

Suddenly she desisted. She heard the trap of feet in the entry.

A terrific kick burst the door open with a rattling quiver, and a wild-looking being, bearing a human burden, staggered drunkenly into the room.

It was the Hunchback, with Mortimer Gascon!

In her astonishment at his unexpected presence, his terrible appearance, she released her enemy and sprung up.

Miguel was gone with the quickness of a flash—leaping out at the window, and dashing off at a furious pace.

"Cospita!" he muttered, as he found himself in the midst of confusion and terror that prevailed in the street. "What's this, now? Devils catch me! the whole city is afire! Where's the captain? Ha! he lied to me. He said Mortimer Gascon was dead; and I have just seen Mortimer Gascon with his eyes open! There's mystery! Hey, girl—stop! Look, now; by the imp's here's a sweet rose!" The last to a feeble girl, who was staggering weakly, half-delirious, along with the affrighted throng.

By the bright glare, which lit up the street like a sun at midnight, he saw that she was beautiful of form and feature. Instantly his bleak eyes burned with a lustful gaze.

"Will you stop?"—seizing her by the wrist.

"Oh, sir!—help me—help me—I can not go much further; I am failing. I shall perish!"

"Look, now; I'll help you—if you will kiss me once, with those red lips!"

He had placed an arm round her waist, when she uttered a scream and struggled to free herself.

"Lynch him! Lynch him!" yelled a voice.

A youthful figure launched itself upon Miguel, and dealt the latter a shot-like blow in the face.

"Take that!—devil eat you!" howled the ruffian, as he fell his assailant with one sweep of his ponderous fist.

But Miguel was now in trouble. The girl escaped him; several of the throng were rushing upon him, their cries telling of a determination to punish him summarily.

He was enraged, yet his rage was wise; and his discretion, coupled to a half-fear for his personal safety, caused him to wheel and—run against a diminutive object, overturning it completely, and wringing from it an ear-splitting squeal.

This object was a man, very short, very thin, who carried a carpet-bag. As he tumbled, the carpet-bag whizzed from his hand, and Miguel clutched it up, continuing his flight with the stolen property under his arm.

"Stop thief!" squeaked the diminutive man, darting after the Spaniard with the velocity of a meteor.

And as he ran, he was saying, muttering, crying to himself:

"That's him! That's Miguel! How fortunate! I'm on the track! Hooray!—stop thief! I'm after the whole nest now, certain! Stop thief!—stop thief!"

"Stop thief!" bellowed the pursuing crowd.

Among the dense mass of men, women and children that poured through the Washington street tunnel, flying from the red-hot walls which were closing on the doomed city, a man was excitedly elbowing his way, glancing back, occasionally, with an anxious expression on his swarthy face.

This man was Jose Moreno. In his arms he carried the boy, Carl, and anon he hissed in the ears of the terrified child:

"Be still!—be still, I say, or I shall kill you!"

There was an exultant gleam in his dark eyes, a steely glitter that bespoke, together with the grim wretching of his lips, a secret rejoicing.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 110.)

#### Madeleine's Marriage: on, THE HEIR OF BROADHURST.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET, AUTHOR OF "UNDER THE CLOUD."

#### CHAPTER XVII.

THE MARRIAGE FOR A FORTUNE.

A LIGHT carriage rolled along the avenue to the front of the mansion at Broadhurst.

Dusk was closing in, and the lamps were lighted. When the carriage stopped, and the footman opened the door, a lady stepped out, and ran lightly up the broad stone steps.

The porter opened the door, and without a question or challenge on either part, she hurried past him, ascending the stairs.

Without stopping in the drawing-room, she went up another flight, and tapped at the door of Mrs. Clermont's dressing-room.

"Your mistress dressed?" she said, to the maid, who presented herself.

"Not yet, ma'am," was the reply.

"Never mind; she will see me! I will go in."

Little Oriel came bounding out.

"Mamma is in my room!" cried the child.

"She is taking out my dress for the party tonight!"

"Are you going too, my little dear?"

"Not with mamma; but somewhere else."

The maid explained that an early children's party had been arranged to take place in the drawing-room in honor of Oriel's birthday. The invited guests would arrive in a very short time.

"And you should see the pretty presents!"

"Yes!" she hissed, burying that claw-like hand deeper and deeper in his flesh:

"I'm alive! You thought you'd kill old

lovely presents. Come with me and see them!"

"No, my love; I want to see your mamma. I will go down directly, and look at them."

The child ran back to announce the visitor, and in a moment Mrs. Byrne was fondly embraced by her friend.

"I am so glad you let me come up without formality, Madeleine! It is so charming here; a bijou of a dressing-room; and such a suite of rooms! You are a queen; and I love to see your crown and robes!"

"You bring sunshine to me, Ada!" said her friend, almost mournfully.

"As if you lacked it, in the blaze of such prosperity!"

"The blaze you speak of is a lurid glare, that withers and scorches me, Ada!"

"Nonsense! but I am so glad to hear that you have concealed at last, to come out from your groom and escort, and mingle in society."

"I have not been secluded," rejoined the lady; "I have received the visits of all the neighborhood, you know."

"But you have not returned them."

"There was reason for that, in my recent widowhood."

"True; but time enough has been given to sorrow; and you know, Madeleine, you have duties to the world."

"As the mistress of Broadhurst, I suppose so."

"Of course. The whole country is delighted with you. Lady Porter says you are like her lost daughter; Lady Blake thinks you superb; Mrs. Drayton pronounced you a superior artist and a splendid musician; Mrs. Hall says you are so brilliant in conversation! The ladies are all charmed—and the gentlemen! Well, we will say nothing about them!"

"It is hardly worth, as I shall so soon sink out of their remembrance."

"Come, now, have this eager little girl dressed and sent down-stairs, and let me help you make your own toilet, while I have some serious talk with you."

Little Oriel was radiant in her evening dress of grey muslin, her dark curls floating over her neck. After the maid took her from the room, her mother directed her own toilet to be laid out. It consisted of a dress of glossy gray silk, with sweeping train, and a shawl of exquisitely fine black thread lace. Her hair was already arranged, and she wore no coiffure. The串 of bright chestnut were brushed back and laid in a Grecian coil, secured by a black ribbon; a stray ringlet or two escaping, and curling round the temple.

"No diamonds?" asked the visitor.

"Not to-night. I have not laid aside mourning."

"You ought to wear colors by this time. Gray or black is not becoming to you, Madeleine."

"I know it is not."

"How long do you mean to wear the disfigurement?"

"How long? As long as I stay here!"

"Madeleine!"

"Have you forgotten, Ada, how nearly my year has expired?"

"No, I have not forgotten. But you are not to leave us at the end of the year."

"How can I remain? Look at the conditions prescribed in the will."

"You are mad! To what would you return?"

"I could not tell. I have nothing to do with the will."

"I can not tell whether I have the will."

"I have the will, but I have not got it."

"I have tried to be; I have prayed for strength to be

# SATURDAY JOURNAL.

3

never be molested. I would sign an agreement to that effect."

"The world would have its idle talk, of course," said Madeline, musingly.

"For a nine days' wonder. But none would think of blaming the wealthy heiress. The true reason might be known; what of that? Any lady in the land would do the same to secure a fortune. Separations are no uncommon things, you know."

"Mr. Marlitt, you must give me time to think of this—of your generous proposal."

"As much time as remains to you. On Thursday the executors will send their solicitor—"

"I shall be prepared before that time."

"I will have the deed of separation drawn up; for I can not believe you will destroy the prospects of your daughter."

He knew the mother's vulnerability.

"I feel your generosity most deeply.

"Will you excuse me now?"

Marlitt handed her one of the bedroom candles from the tray on the table, and opened the door. Pale as death, with rigid features, she glided past him, and her silk dress rustled as she went up the stairs.

He took several turns through the drawing-room, talking to himself; and his face, when the mask was dropped, evinced his satisfaction at the result of his scheming.

"I will have half the income, at the least," he reiterated; "half, firmly secured to me! and the whole property, failing the daughter. Not a bad provision for a gay continental life! And I will carry off my timid little charmer yonder, and give Bimatti the slip!" Let me see: so many hundreds, living in Paris—or Baden Baden; but I must not go deep into gaming! So much for Hugh's pension in Australia; so much for a box in the Highlands. Oh, it will do very well; the half, managed as I can manage it. I have had a dull life of it this last year; but the game is mine at last!"

He rang the bell to have the lights put out, and went to his own apartment.

Madeline, still in her splendid evening-dress, stood by the bed where Oriel lay sleeping. The child was very beautiful; the glow of health was on her cheek, a dewy freshness on the rosy lips parted in slumber. Her curls rested on the pillow, and one dimpled arm lay under her head.

"It is for you!" cried the mother, whose tears were flowing fast; "for you—my darling; my heart's treasure—my only love! Oh, Lewis! if you could speak to my from the grave, you would approve this—for her sake!"

Long she knelt beside the bed; then kissing the little slumberer, she withdrew to a sleepless night in her own chamber.

On the third day after the conversation with Marlitt, Mrs. Byrne was again at Broadhurst, and in the apartments of its mistress. This time it was morning, and she was helping to attire her friend for a solemn ceremony.

The maid stood hesitating, having just received her mistress's orders to lay out her mourning-dress and veil.

"You must not wear it," pleaded Mrs. Byrne. "It is an omen of evil."

"My heart is in mourning, Ada. You know that."

"It will be an offense to Mr. Marlitt."

"He knows it too. Why do you oppose me? He is to leave us directly afterward."

"I shall say no more, Madeline; but had I been in your place, I should not have let such a husband slide out of my hands in that way. You are responsible for what scrapes he may get himself into, without his wife to guard him."

"If you put it in that light, Ada, I will draw back at the last moment, and let the property go to the hospital."

"You will do no such thing! Why do you heed my nonsense? Only—I should stand a chance of falling in love with a man who could show himself so self-denying in one respect."

"Self-denying in every thing."

"Not in his gracious acceptance of half your income, my dear, and the reversion of the property in case of your and Oriel's death! The only sacrifice he makes is in giving up the society of so charming a wife. He has feathered his own nest very comfortably. You must take care of yourself, moreover, and look out that he does not poison you and the child. Is Oriel going with you?"

"No—certainly not!" cried Madeline. "Agnes—where is she?"

"In the nursery, ma'am; crying bitterly because her mamma will not take her out in the carriage!"

"Do not let her see us from the windows!" said the mother, passionately. "Agnes, go and see to it; amuse her in any way you can! I can finish dressing. Give me my gloves and go directly! I would not have her memory retain any part of this dreadful scene! Oh, Ada! pity me; I am heart-broken!"

"Make haste to finish dressing! Let me fasten your veil! Here are your gloves! I wish I could have persuaded you to have a few of your friends with us!"

"I have no friends!" cried Madeline, gloomily. "If I had, why should they be here? To see a miserable woman pronounce false vows, and utter a mockery at Heaven at the very altar!"

"Do not look on it in that light!"

The bride caught her friend's arm.

"Ada! I am sure some terrible judgment will fall on me for what I am about to do!"

"You frighten me, Madeline! You look like a ghost!"

"I might have left my fate in the hands of a merciful Providence. I might have left my child there, too. But I will have snatched at a prize, letting go every thing else. My brain has been in a whirl; I have been doing what I thought best for Oriel, without a thought of myself. We were sinking into an abyss, and I have desperately snatched at the plank I thought would bear us to the shore!"

"Hush, Madeline, I beg of you! Are you ready?"

"We shall have prayers in the church."

"I could not pray! I could not bring my lips to utter the words—familiar as they are! In the church I shall purify myself; how dare I pray there? Ada! help me to do right; to cast aside this weight—this horrible burden. This can not—must not go on!"

"It must, Madeline! You are taking the only wise course; the only prudent one! It is but a form of words; and the cruel necessity is imposed on you, to prevent a worse evil! Make haste; give your

self no time for such gloomy thoughts! There; the carriages are here; come, shall we go down?"

She ran to the window, and then held a lace shawl, offering to put it on the bride's shoulders.

"Not that!" said Madeline, shuddering; She took up one of black tissue bordered with crepe. Very strange she looked in her widow's weeds, about to give her hand to a second lord; her white face giving no sign of joy.

Mrs. Byrne hurried her from the room. Two gentlemen, one of them an executor and one his solicitor, stood ready to escort her to the carriage. They and Mrs. Byrne accompanied her.

In the church she was joined by the bridegroom and his witnesses, and the executor gave away the bride.

The short ceremony, witnessed also by many of the tenants and country people who had hastened to the church on hearing of it, was over, and the names were signed in the registry, the bridal party returned to the great house for breakfast. Mrs. Hangan had done her best to make this a success, in spite of the gloom that brooded over every thing, and the shocking omen of a bride in widow's mourning!

By three o'clock the visitors had departed. In an hour afterward Jasper Marlitt took a cold and formal leave of his newly-wedded bride, and was driven away.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### A STRANGE MEETING.

This simple story is resumed after a lapse of many years.

Mrs. Clermont, the indisputable mistress of a vast property, had been accustomed to spend at least half the year, from January to July in London, where she resided in a small but richly-furnished house, at the West End.

The strange circumstances of her marriage had caused much sensation among the gentry residents near Broadhurst. Of course all the world knew it was simply a marriage of interest, but that the bride and bridegroom to separate immediately after the utterance of their mutual vows, and to be seen no more together, was something unprecedented, and savored of defiance of the world's opinion.

The world, however, is seldom severe with a rich and splendid woman who holds herself in such a manner as to command its homage.

Rich was Madeline still, though half her income went to her husband, and though his secret visits, more frequent than any one knew, always ended in his extorting more. Beautiful she was in her maturity, even beyond the promise of her youth; and she, for her daughter's sake, had not let the years go by unimproved; so that her mental culture and accomplishments were superior to those of most women even in the higher grades of society.

Society would have made her a queen, but that she avoided its worship. Only for the sake of the young girl growing up under her care, did she receive visitors, or go out into the world. She resolved to deny Oriel none of the advantages of her station and wealth. She had taken her to Paris, and to different cities of Europe, and at home her studies had been conducted under the first masters.

An incident that occurred in Paris had influenced the destiny of the young girl when she was about sixteen.

She was walking one day with her mother along one of the Boulevards, when a young man riding in what seemed frantic haste, passed them so rapidly, they supposed the animal to have been frightened or maddened beyond control. As the rider and his steed swept like lightning round a corner, an old apple-woman who sat there was in imminent danger of being trampled to death.

Oriel screamed in terror, and grasped her mother's arm.

The young man discovered the woman's peril too late to turn his horse far enough out of the way to avoid her or to check his headlong speed. There was but one desperate chance, and he took it. Striking his spurs into the flanks of his horse, he forced him to a mad leap forward, hoping to clear the apple-woman and her table.

The feat saved her life, but demolished her wares. Table, furniture and fruit, with the overturned vender, rolled together in the dust. The latter sustained no injury beyond a few slight bruises; but her cries and accusations brought the police to the spot, and the young man who had caused the mischief was promptly arrested.

The two terrified ladies were both cited to appear in court as witnesses; but when the youthful culprit heard of this, he declared that he would not permit the English ladies to be annoyed by a demand for their testimony. To spare them, he compromised the case, and paid double damages.

Mrs. Clermont was greatly pleased at his conduct.

A short time afterward, when she and her daughter, attended only by a servant, were coming out of a theater, a disturbance was created in their vicinity by some Germans, which threatened serious inconvenience. A young gentleman, instantly recognized by both ladies as the hero of the apple-woman's discomfiture, came to the rescue, and so effectually did he interfere among the combatants, that he cleared a passage and carried his fair companions in safety to their carriage.

He had suffered in the meleé the loss of his hat and cloak; but when Mrs. Clermont consoled with him, he answered so cheerfully and with such genuine chivalry, that he cared for no loss sustained in their service, that the lady, in common gratitude, could not help offering to set him down at his hotel, and giving him an invitation to call upon her.

The next evening a card was brought up, the sight of which drove the blood from the cheeks of Madeline, and caused her to tremble in every limb.

The card bore the name:

"Francis Dulos."

The servant was directed to show him into the salon.

The young man, on entering, was not a little surprised to perceive the lady's agitation.

She motioned him to a seat.

"I should apologize to a stranger," she said, "for the strange emotion caused by your name. It is associated with the most painful recollection of my life."

The visitor looked astonished.

"Was your father a Colonel?"

"My father was Colonel Dulos, in the service," answered the young man, seeing that she was unable to complete the sentence.

"And he died in Wales?" she faltered.

"He was murdered, it was supposed by

smugglers, somewhere on the Welsh coast."

"It is the same!" said Madeline, faintly.

"As he had been active in bearing testimony against some of the depredators, it was supposed he fell a victim to their revenge," added the young man.

"My husband was with him."

"Madam!" exclaimed the young man.

"My husband—Lewis Dorant—was his companion and guide, that fatal night. Both perished; your father's body was buried in the quicksand!"

Overcome, Mrs. Clermont sunk back in her seat, and shaded her face, as if to shut some horrible sight.

Francis was, indeed, the son of Colonel Dulos; the son he had left at school in Paris. His father's untimely death left him in part dependent on a distant relative, and he had made up his mind to join the army, when the death of an uncle placed him in possession of an independent property invested in England. From that time his home was there, though his visits to Paris were frequent.

An explanation followed, which drew Marlitt close to the heart of Madeline. With a mournful tenderness she treasured every recollection of those early days. The son of the man for whom the life of Lewis had been sacrificed, was like a son to her. She little knew that Dulos had perished for the sake of her husband.

In a trembling voice she besought her visitor to keep the sad history a secret from her daughter. She would not have her young life clouded by tragical memories. Oriel knew nothing but that her father's death had been sudden, and that her mother still mourned for him.

From this time the visits of Francis Dulos became almost daily; and when the two ladies returned to England, he accompanied them. So fondly did the widowed heart of Madeline cling to her early married life, that she felt an interest in every one connected with it, and saw with content the growing attachment between Oriel and Francis. The young lady, as an heiress, and very beautiful, might indeed look higher for a matrimonial alliance. But the mother's experience had convinced her that riches do not bring happiness. She even shuddered when she saw the girl approached by suitors of aristocratic pretensions. What a hollow mockery was her own existence! tinsel and show outside; within, the sepulcher of the heart's affections!

She had discovered soon after her last marriage that Marlitt—or Marlitt-Clermont, as he called himself—was determined to be her master. The freedom he had promised her was only external and in name. She felt herself bound by an invisible chain.

While the world supposed her neglected by her husband, isolated by a complete separation, she knew, and trembled to know, that he was acquainted with her every movement; that especially no disbursement of money in any considerable amount was made without his interference.

She was conscious of living under a sordid espionage. Sometimes, when she had no warning of a visit, her husband would suddenly appear with a demand for money, which she usually supplied from her own resources at any inconvenience, to be delivered from the presence of one she hated. Yes, hated! for Marlitt had not thought it worth while to wear the mask of polished courtesy, after the marriage ceremony had placed the heiress in his power.

He had secured by documents, which she signed unhesitatingly, half the income of the estates during his life, and the absolute possession of the whole property in the case of the death of Madeline and her daughter had.

He was conscious of living under a sordid espionage. Sometimes, when she had no warning of a visit, her husband would suddenly appear with a demand for money, which she usually supplied from her own resources at any inconvenience, to be delivered from the presence of one she hated. Yes, hated! for Marlitt had not thought it worth while to wear the mask of polished courtesy, after the marriage ceremony had placed the heiress in his power.

He had secured by documents, which she signed unhesitatingly, half the income of the estates during his life, and the absolute possession of the whole property in the case of the death of Madeline and her daughter had.

He was conscious of living under a sordid espionage. Sometimes, when she had no warning of a visit, her husband would suddenly appear with a demand for money, which she usually supplied from her own resources at any inconvenience, to be delivered from the presence of one she hated. Yes, hated! for Marlitt had not thought it worth while to wear the mask of polished courtesy, after the marriage ceremony had placed the heiress in his power.

He had secured by documents, which she signed unhesitatingly, half the income of the estates during his life, and the absolute possession of the whole property in the case of the death of Madeline and her daughter had.

He was conscious of living under a sordid espionage. Sometimes, when she had no warning of a visit, her husband would suddenly appear with a demand for money, which she usually supplied from her own resources at any inconvenience, to be delivered from the presence of one she hated. Yes, hated! for Marlitt had not thought it worth while to wear the mask of polished courtesy, after the marriage ceremony had placed the heiress in his power.

He was conscious of living under a sordid espionage. Sometimes, when she had no warning of a visit, her husband would suddenly appear with a demand for money, which she usually supplied from her own resources at any inconvenience, to be delivered from the presence of one she hated. Yes, hated! for Marlitt had not thought it worth while to wear the mask of polished courtesy, after the marriage ceremony had placed the heiress in his power.

He was conscious of living under a sordid espionage. Sometimes, when she had no warning of a visit, her husband would suddenly appear with a demand for money, which she usually supplied from her own resources at any inconvenience, to be delivered from the presence of one she hated. Yes, hated! for Marlitt had not thought it worth while to wear the mask of polished courtesy, after the marriage ceremony had placed the heiress in his power.

He was conscious of living under a sordid espionage. Sometimes, when she had no warning of a visit, her husband would suddenly appear with a demand for money, which she usually supplied from her own resources at any inconvenience, to be delivered from the presence of one she hated. Yes, hated! for Marlitt had not thought it worth while to wear the mask of polished courtesy, after the marriage ceremony had placed the heiress in his power.

He was conscious of living under a sordid espionage. Sometimes, when she had no warning of a visit, her husband would suddenly appear with a demand for money, which she usually supplied from her own resources at any inconvenience, to be delivered from the presence of one she hated. Yes, hated! for Marlitt had not thought it worth while to wear the mask of polished courtesy, after the marriage ceremony had placed the heiress in his power.

He was conscious of living under a sordid espionage. Sometimes, when she had no warning of a visit, her husband would suddenly appear with a demand for money, which she usually supplied from her own resources at any inconvenience, to be delivered from the presence of one she hated. Yes, hated! for Marlitt had not thought it worth while to wear the mask of polished courtesy, after the marriage ceremony had placed the heiress in his power.

He was conscious of living under a sordid espionage. Sometimes, when she had no warning of a visit,

## SATURDAY JOURNAL.

## THE Saturday Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, MAY 4, 1872.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it at their newsagents or booksellers may apply to the publishers, by mail, from the publication office, as supplied at the following rates:

One copy, four months \$1.00  
Two copies, one year \$2.00

All orders for subscriptions are to be given to the publishers in full State, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at expiration of subscription.

Send remittance with any required back number. The paper is always in print, so that those wishing for special stories can have them.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

## THE NEW SERIAL

BY  
BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL,  
SOON TO BE GIVEN,

is one of the dramatist-authors most admirable and effective productions, viz.:

## WITHOUT MERCY;

OR,

## THREADS OF PURE GOLD.

is characterized by all of the graphic force of narrative, the keen character discrimination, and the effective dramatic situations which distinguish this writer's works, and will be eagerly welcomed by our readers.

## Our Arm-Chair.

The "Gift of Gab."—Some journalists are frequently inveigling against the "gift of gab," which, their readers are told, makes the American a kind of talking nuisance. These censors do not say that they would have silence the rule and speech the exception, although it is fair to infer that such is their wish. It would, perhaps, be cruel to close them with their own medicine, for, of all talkers, some of our "journalists" are the most irrepressible. They talk, (write) upon every conceivable theme, from a Sanskrit particle to a dissertation on chums. They are at once judge, jury and counselor, and what they don't know is not worth mentioning. But, after all, they are not more hurtful than musketeers. They may annoy; may sting sometimes and give slight pain; but, they "don't amount to much" in a solid way; and boys who are told by them not to cultivate their gift of speech need take no more offense than if a muskete had punctured their ear.

This gift of speech is a blessed gift, and can not be too highly cultivated. He or she who has it not lives at a constant disadvantage; every hour of the day brings its mortifications; to be unable to express ideas clearly and promptly is a serious drawback, as those who are thus disqualifed most painfully realize. Hence, we say, cultivate the "gift of gab;" study not only words and their uses, as taught in the schools, but use all those artificial aids which the good conversationalist, the good public speaker, the good dramatist offers by way of example; and, more than all, seek the direct assistance which the debating club renders to all who enter into its exercises with studious earnestness.

As an educational adjunct, every common or high school should have its debating society, and every teacher should encourage their exercises by his advice and assistance. If it is the teacher's idea that this is something extraneous to his duties, then we say his ideas are far too narrow for the teacher's calling, and they must be so elaborated that to speak well and with ease will be regarded as an absolute requisite in the true system of education. High schools and academies generally have their debating associations, but, in many cases, exercises lag or are inefficient for good because the teacher does not watch over and direct them. In common schools the debating club is rarely known—a fault which ought to be reformed at once, and the teacher who refuses his or her aid in the reform ought to be made the subject of a school directors' visitation.

No, boys, don't be deterred from your rights in the Debating Club. Organize such a club in every school district, in every village, in every common or high school, and you will be surprised at the good results which will follow!

A "Sign."—A much pleased subscriber writes of the SATURDAY JOURNAL:

It is beyond question the leading paper of its class in the United States. It is, first, valuable, for the real solid and instructive matter each issue contains. Its serials, next, are simply splendid. Its short stories, then, are always graphic and well told; so that, in reading each number, I long eagerly for the next."

Well, that is just what we aim to do—to make each reader long for more. If we accomplish that we consider it the perfection of good editing. Many a good publication is dreary enough in its general interest; many a merely "good" paper has gone into eclipse from the tedious sameness—we might say tameness—of its issues. A wise publisher does not try to compel readers to read his book, magazine or paper, but to make it a pleasure for them to do so. The SATURDAY JOURNAL proceeds upon the supposition that its audience is among the intelligent and honorable portion of every community, and it caters for that class alone. It seeks for no notoriety among the vulgar, the vicious, or the vagabonds, and studiously avoids whatever may offend a good taste or shock a strict moral principle. The result is, great numbers of such letters as the above quoted, and a circulation over which the publishers may well feel proud.

## NOTES BY THE WAY.

If there was only a little more practice and a little less precept in this world of ours, we might catch a broader glimpse of the millennium than we can now comprehend.

It is quite useless to talk about the impunity of riches, when we have daily and hourly evidence of the power wealth will always wield. Quite as useless to advise contentment with little while more can be brought within the grasp. Gold is not a curse when put to legitimate uses, but

abuse of good gifts will not fail to reverse them from blessings.

Codes of honor vary essentially in different social grades, yet from highest to lowest are to be met, but the empty shell out of which individualism and selfishness eat the kernel. Sterling principle is a scarce commodity. People seem to have arrived at the conclusion that the world is made up of such arrant knaves that honest men are pushed completely out of foothold.

We don't quite approve of hearing ourselves termed cheats to our very faces, and so we smuggle our questionable practices under a garb of cant, which is all the better if it is fastened with a golden button. Heaven's own teachings are made subservient to self-interest, and a pew in a fashionable church covers many a flaw in the faithful pursuance of business avocations; an hour's nap each Sabbath morning, with the clergyman's voice for a lullaby, will tally against seventy times seven small discrepancies of the week.

It may be well enough to keep up the universal farce, and in humbugging mankind humbug ourselves as well; but for the sake of comfort, good sirs, turn the brightest side out. Tinsel is better than rust; if you're not the true metal, give us at least the best you have at hand.

Then out upon all gloomy creeds and isms. The religion that pulls on a long face and a piteous whine must carry black depths somewhere concealed. It is just as natural for a pure, healthful temperament to dispense cheerfulness, as for a summer day to be soft and sunshiny. Nature recuperates through storms, life through trials; but these are only the accidents in the body of time.

Disagreeable burdens will never lighten by shifting them to other people's shoulders; some poor wretch will always groan beneath the load; but a whole mountain-heap of affliction can be melted away if you face it with a cheerful and determined will.

J. D. B.

## TOO LATE.

A PRISONER under sentence of death, who had been afforded every comfort of spiritual aid, remarked that, if he had had as much care paid to his soul as had been granted him during his incarceration, he might not have been where he was. There was lesson in that—a lesson to come home to us all. We do our duty—but we do it too late. We let people go to the bad all their lives, and then we expect to eran enough good into them in a week to make up for our neglect.

We often neglect the real objects of charity, and when we hear that such a one was found dead from exposure and from lack of the necessities of life, we feel conscience-stricken, and strive to make it easy with ourselves by giving him or her a respectful funeral.

We notice the drunkard in his wild career—the misery and cruelty he is heaping on the ones he should protect, yet we don't work enough to keep the young man away from the bar-room in the first place, nor caution him that his fate may be a dreadful one, if he does not stop where he is. We do not think our friends can go wrong, but when it is too late, we commence to think of pulling the check-rein.

We wonder that young girls go astray, and some day we shall learn of them in a manner that will make us crimson with shame. It is then the thought comes to us, if we had been more careful in finding out who her associates were, if we had refused to allow her to read immoral publications—in fact, if we had bestowed more love upon her and care for her, all this misery might have been prevented.

When we go through our prisons, and see the young convicts working side by side with those hardened in crime, we wonder to ourselves, and say, had these youths found home too pleasant to leave it for the streets—had they possessed loved ones, who showed them attention enough to point out the way of the transgressor, would they not now be ornaments to their country, and not be passing their best days in the jail, shut out from home, shut out from the bright world, and having their consciences tell them that others were to blame as well as themselves for being there?

When the bridge breaks and the cars go crashing down the side of the ravine, sending its thousand souls into eternity, it is then too late to say the supports should have been stronger.

When you look into the coffin and see the face of your mother, vain will be your regrets if you have not done your duty by her, while she was living, if you have not cherished and loved her, protected and made her burdens of life less hard to bear. The words you have said to her, the petulant answers you have made her, the many ways which you had that she did not like, the many evenings you left her alone, while you were roaming about enjoying yourself, will all come back to you, and you will say to that inanimate body, "Oh, mother, if you were only alive again, I would be a better boy and live only for you!"

Too late! Ah, these are sad words to pen, and how many of us have been called upon to repeat them through our life? Yes, and will be called upon to do so again if we do not begin a new life.

It is much better to do a good deed than repeat of not having done it; it is better to love our neighbor and assist him now, than wish we had done so when he no more needs any thing on this earth.

Let us all take the words of the convict home to ourselves, and let it always stand before us as a lesson. Now is the time; by-and-by will be too late. EVE LAWLESS.

## FAT CONTRIBUTOR" ON HIS TRAVELS.

DETAINED AT A JUNCTION.

You desire me to send you some incidents of travel. All right. One of the incidents of travel is to be prevented from traveling by six or eight hours' detention at a junction, waiting for a train. That is my fix now. A junction is supposed to be a point where two railroads intersect and trains connect. But, bless you, they never connect! When one road gets out a time-table the other gets out another, by which it is impossible to make a connection short of six hours. This is, I suspect, in the interest of the "Junction House"—the only house for miles around—owned by the railroad company. They give you old junk for beefsteak at the junction, and you have to sleep yourself. Every traveler would shun a junction if he could.

I have been doomed to remain here eight

mortal hours already. The landlord of the Junction House, a weak, inoffensive old man, permits me to sit in the parlor. He remarks that I will find it rather lonesome waiting, though, he adds, with a furtive glance at the kitchen, where old Mrs. Junk is blowing up the hired girl, "they make it lively enough for me."

I could make myself tolerably comfortable were it not for a young man on the floor above who is learning to play on some fiendish instrument of brass, and the tortures to which he subjects the inoffensive gamut would hardly be endured anywhere else but at a junction. Now "Old Dog Tray" writes and howls in pain through the convoluted brass, and it does seem as though that faithful domestic canine was being dragged through by the tail!

To divert myself I am obliged to turn to the little collection of books on the center-table. Here is a Life of Washington, "written for the American Sunday School Union," the historical parts extracted from the best authors—item: Wonder what he did to administer chloroform in extracting them.

The frontispiece represents Washington crossing the Delaware, Washington has already crossed, and is mounted on a high-stepping horse, surrounded by his staff, handsomely mounted in gold lace and cocked hats. A mounted cannon is being drawn up the steep bank by a squad of artillerymen. George is represented in full parade dress with that tenacity to facts observable in all representations of that historic event.

As no life of Washington would be complete without the hatchet story, I am gratified to find this one not only has it but has it illustrated. (It is said that Weems hatchet up that story himself, and Washington let him hatchet.)

In the picture stands old man Washington, pointing with a look of grief though indignant inquiry to the cherry tree, so ruthlessly cut down in the flower of its youth—gone even beyond the aid of Cherry Pectoral. The mother is looking over the stern parent's shoulder, as if urging George to own up. To the right stands George in knee-breeches and a roll-over collar, with his little hatchet in his hand, and a Father-of-his-country look upon a face that seems to have worn out several such bodies.

How anybody could look at that old head and charge it with concocting any such boyish caper as hewing down fruit trees is more than I can imagine.

From the inspiring Life of Washington I turn to "Fowler's Self-Instructor in Phrenology." It contains a chart of somebody's head. These charts are a great thing, and no person that has reached the age of ninety years should be without one. They teach a man what he is fit for. No young man should embark in any kind of business without first getting a "chart" of his head, in order to know to a certainty whether the physical formation of his skull is adapted to that line of business.

The chart accompanying the book must have been flattering to the individual whose head was measured for it. I am glad to see that his "organic quality" is large. I don't know exactly what organic quality is, but I imagine it is a very desirable quality for a man to have. His digestive power (first time I ever knew digestion lay in the head) is also large—a fact that may not afford the highest gratification to his boarding-house keeper.

Of all charts I have seen emanating from phrenologists, the desirable qualities are always placed upon it "average." This gives satisfaction to the person receiving it, and he feels as though he was getting the worth of his money. What worlds of talented brains have these charts professed to map out that no explorer other than the phrenologist ever discovered!

I had a chart made of my head once, and this is the way it ran:

Vital temperament large; in a fight with a man you would go for his vitals. Breathing power large; you would require more cloves than ordinary people if you drank. Circulating power dependent in a great measure on the amount of circulating medium you had on hand at the time you were circulating. Digestive power full, if you are not too full yourself. Mental temperament small. Dangerous for a man of your brains to have too much mental temperament. Activity large—when the gong sounds for dinner. Friendship so very large it wants restraining. You are so much attached to a friend there is no telling how much you wouldn't borrow of him. Combativeness large. If the sidewalk flew up and hit you in the face, you would hit the sidewalk back just as hard. Destructiveness small. You will never set the North River on fire. Cautiousness immense. You wouldn't accept a gift-horse without first looking in his mouth. Spirituality depends on the quality of the "spirit." Hope is bulky, standing over six feet in its stockings. Constructiveness stands right out on your head like a bump on a log. You ought to be able to make a fool of you. Order is large, when you are not too full yourself. Mental temperament small. Dangerous for a man of your brains to have too much mental temperament. Activity large—when the gong sounds for dinner. Friendship so very large it wants restraining. You are so much attached to a friend there is no telling how much you wouldn't borrow of him. Combativeness large. If the sidewalk flew up and hit you in the face, you would hit the sidewalk back just as hard. Destructiveness small. You will never set the North River on fire. Cautiousness immense. You wouldn't accept a gift-horse without first looking in his mouth. Spirituality depends on the quality of the "spirit." Hope is bulky, standing over six feet in its stockings. Constructiveness stands right out on your head like a bump on a log. You ought to be able to make a fool of you. Order is large, when you are not too full yourself. Mental temperament small. Dangerous for a man of your brains to have too much mental temperament. Activity large—when the gong sounds for dinner. Friendship so very large it wants restraining. You are so much attached to a friend there is no telling how much you wouldn't borrow of him. Combativeness large. If the sidewalk flew up and hit you in the face, you would hit the sidewalk back just as hard. Destructiveness small. You will never set the North River on fire. Cautiousness immense. You wouldn't accept a gift-horse without first looking in his mouth. Spirituality depends on the quality of the "spirit." Hope is bulky, standing over six feet in its stockings. Constructiveness stands right out on your head like a bump on a log. You ought to be able to make a fool of you. Order is large, when you are not too full yourself. Mental temperament small. Dangerous for a man of your brains to have too much mental temperament. Activity large—when the gong sounds for dinner. Friendship so very large it wants restraining. You are so much attached to a friend there is no telling how much you wouldn't borrow of him. Combativeness large. If the sidewalk flew up and hit you in the face, you would hit the sidewalk back just as hard. Destructiveness small. You will never set the North River on fire. Cautiousness immense. You wouldn't accept a gift-horse without first looking in his mouth. Spirituality depends on the quality of the "spirit." Hope is bulky, standing over six feet in its stockings. Constructiveness stands right out on your head like a bump on a log. You ought to be able to make a fool of you. Order is large, when you are not too full yourself. Mental temperament small. Dangerous for a man of your brains to have too much mental temperament. Activity large—when the gong sounds for dinner. Friendship so very large it wants restraining. You are so much attached to a friend there is no telling how much you wouldn't borrow of him. Combativeness large. If the sidewalk flew up and hit you in the face, you would hit the sidewalk back just as hard. Destructiveness small. You will never set the North River on fire. Cautiousness immense. You wouldn't accept a gift-horse without first looking in his mouth. Spirituality depends on the quality of the "spirit." Hope is bulky, standing over six feet in its stockings. Constructiveness stands right out on your head like a bump on a log. You ought to be able to make a fool of you. Order is large, when you are not too full yourself. Mental temperament small. Dangerous for a man of your brains to have too much mental temperament. Activity large—when the gong sounds for dinner. Friendship so very large it wants restraining. You are so much attached to a friend there is no telling how much you wouldn't borrow of him. Combativeness large. If the sidewalk flew up and hit you in the face, you would hit the sidewalk back just as hard. Destructiveness small. You will never set the North River on fire. Cautiousness immense. You wouldn't accept a gift-horse without first looking in his mouth. Spirituality depends on the quality of the "spirit." Hope is bulky, standing over six feet in its stockings. Constructiveness stands right out on your head like a bump on a log. You ought to be able to make a fool of you. Order is large, when you are not too full yourself. Mental temperament small. Dangerous for a man of your brains to have too much mental temperament. Activity large—when the gong sounds for dinner. Friendship so very large it wants restraining. You are so much attached to a friend there is no telling how much you wouldn't borrow of him. Combativeness large. If the sidewalk flew up and hit you in the face, you would hit the sidewalk back just as hard. Destructiveness small. You will never set the North River on fire. Cautiousness immense. You wouldn't accept a gift-horse without first looking in his mouth. Spirituality depends on the quality of the "spirit." Hope is bulky, standing over six feet in its stockings. Constructiveness stands right out on your head like a bump on a log. You ought to be able to make a fool of you. Order is large, when you are not too full yourself. Mental temperament small. Dangerous for a man of your brains to have too much mental temperament. Activity large—when the gong sounds for dinner. Friendship so very large it wants restraining. You are so much attached to a friend there is no telling how much you wouldn't borrow of him. Combativeness large. If the sidewalk flew up and hit you in the face, you would hit the sidewalk back just as hard. Destructiveness small. You will never set the North River on fire. Cautiousness immense. You wouldn't accept a gift-horse without first looking in his mouth. Spirituality depends on the quality of the "spirit." Hope is bulky, standing over six feet in its stockings. Constructiveness stands right out on your head like a bump on a log. You ought to be able to make a fool of you. Order is large, when you are not too full yourself. Mental temperament small. Dangerous for a man of your brains to have too much mental temperament. Activity large—when the gong sounds for dinner. Friendship so very large it wants restraining. You are so much attached to a friend there is no telling how much you wouldn't borrow of him. Combativeness large. If the sidewalk flew up and hit you in the face, you would hit the sidewalk back just as hard. Destructiveness small. You will never set the North River on fire. Cautiousness immense. You wouldn't accept a gift-horse without first looking in his mouth. Spirituality depends on the quality of the "spirit." Hope is bulky, standing over six feet in its stockings. Constructiveness stands right out on your head like a bump on a log. You ought to be able to make a fool of you. Order is large, when you are not too full yourself. Mental temperament small. Dangerous for a man of your brains to have too much mental temperament. Activity large—when the gong sounds for dinner. Friendship so very large it wants restraining. You are so much attached to a friend there is no telling how much you wouldn't borrow of him. Combativeness large. If the sidewalk flew up and hit you in the face, you would hit the sidewalk back just as hard. Destructiveness small. You will never set the North River on fire. Cautiousness immense. You wouldn't accept a gift-horse without first looking in his mouth. Spirituality depends on the quality of the "spirit." Hope is bulky, standing over six feet in its stockings. Constructiveness stands right out on your head like a bump on a log. You ought to be able to make a fool of you. Order is large, when you are not too full yourself. Mental temperament small. Dangerous for a man of your brains to have too much mental temperament. Activity large—when the gong sounds for dinner. Friendship so very large it wants restraining. You are so much attached to a friend there is no telling how much you wouldn't borrow of him. Combativeness large. If the sidewalk flew up and hit you in the face, you would hit the sidewalk back just as hard. Destructiveness small. You will never set the North River on fire. Cautiousness immense. You wouldn't accept a gift-horse without first looking in his mouth. Spirituality depends on the quality of the "spirit." Hope is bulky, standing over six feet in its stockings. Constructiveness stands right out on your head like a bump on a log. You ought to be able to make a fool of you. Order is large, when you are not too full yourself. Mental temperament small. Dangerous for a man of your brains to have too much mental temperament. Activity large—when the gong sounds for dinner. Friendship so very large it wants restraining. You are so much attached to a friend there is no telling how much you wouldn't borrow of him. Combativeness large. If the sidewalk flew up and hit you in the face, you would hit the sidewalk back just as hard. Destructiveness small. You will never set the North River on fire. Cautiousness immense. You wouldn't accept a gift-horse without first looking in his mouth. Spirituality depends on the quality of the "spirit." Hope is bulky, standing over six feet in its stockings. Constructiveness stands right out on your head like a bump on a log. You ought to be able to make a fool of you. Order is large, when you are not too full yourself. Mental temperament small. Dangerous for a man of your brains to have too much mental temperament. Activity large—when the gong sounds for dinner. Friendship so very large it wants restraining. You are so much attached to a friend there is no telling how much you wouldn't borrow of him. Combativeness large.

# SATURDAY JOURNAL.

5

## BRAHMA.

BY JAMES HUNTERFORD.

"The king is dead—long live the king!"

I firmly believe in Brahma—

He's the emblem of love, you know;

In man's immaculate drama,

Still I say to the idols, "Go!"

For I live in the pure ideal,

Where only the truthful dwells;

When I live, the foolish—

I know through the crystalline shells.

For I firmly believe in Brahma—

He's the emblem of love, you know;

In my life's immaculate drama,

Still I say to the idols, "Go!"

You think you are first and only

In whose bosom the god has dwelt,

In a solitude never lonely,

Where the all of his life is felt,

But you are not, however,

Not only in fact but name,

For his shrine may change, but never

The god—he is ever the same.

So I firmly believe in Brahma—

He's the emblem of love, you know;

In my life's immaculate drama,

Still I say to the idols, "Go!"

For love is not onlyernal,

And it lives in the mortal time;

From his death to his manhood's prime,

Yes, he lives throughout all the ages,

Erasing the past, indeed;

To enjoy life's glowing pages,

Still I say to the idols, leave me to read,

And most firmly believe in Brahma—

He's the emblem of love, you know;

And in life's immaculate drama,

Ever say to the idols, "Go!"

**Cecil's Deceit:**

THE DIAMOND LEGACY.

BY MRS. JENNIE D. BURTON.

AUTHOR OF "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ELLESFORD GRANGE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

A MAIDEN'S DOUBTS.

ONCE every day, sometimes twice, Cecil visited Eve in what was at once her sick room and her prison.

In the short time she could daily devote to the work, she had rendered the room more habitable. She swept out the thick coating of dust which enveloped floor and furniture in a gray mantle, and brushed the cobwebs from the walls. Then she parted the thick ivy vines from the casements, not tearing them away entirely, but enough to let the sunshine stream through in golden flecks, and at night the moonbeams crept tremblingly in, marking the shape of the diamond panes in weird, white light.

Eve was very ill. She had no knowledge of the time as it dragged away; hours seemed days, and again, when the fever fancies were pleasantly tinged, days seemed no more than hours.

She was not violently delirious at any time. From her unconscious murmurs when she seemed to be living over the past few months, Cecil learned of the struggles and sufferings which had worn down the tenderly nurtured girl.

She procured wine and jellies from the anteroom and simple sedatives from the medicine-chest, which was kept in the household. As usual in cases of fever, Eve took no solid nourishment for days, but partook eagerly at all times of the cooling drinks with which Cecil kept her supplied.

The disease made rapid inroads upon her frame, already wasted by privation and over-work. Her long, slender hands were transparently white, and her thin face, when the flesh dried out of it, was but a pitiful reminder of her as she had been of old.

Meanwhile, preparations for the birth-night *fête* were being rapidly prosecuted. Orders for confectionery and foreign fruits were sent to the city, and the whole domestic force at Frampton Place were busied in working up the ample store of materials provided for the more substantial part of the repast.

Yet Olive, in whose honor all this was being done, wandered restlessly about the house, taking part in the tasks which devolved but not finding relief in them from the vague discontent which oppressed her. Now that she had committed herself, irrevocably as she thought, misgivings would arise lest in this important action she had permitted herself to decide hastily and unwise. She freely admitted that subtle power which Victor knew so well how to wield. When with him she could find nothing in her promised fate to cause a regret for the freedom she must soon renounce. But, alone, doubts would steal into her mind, which were so intangible that she could fix them upon no actual word or look of his, but which impressed her with a distrust of him, which we know was too well founded.

Her uncle observed her restlessness, but ascribed it to the maiden modesty which yet shrank from the new unfamiliar relation. But when Sophie Darnley came, in response to Cecil's invitation, and her lively presence failed to dispel Olive's *distrait* manner, he grew anxious lest she might be threatened with some bodily ailment.

She was passing the library one morning when he was there alone. He called to her, and she went in with the smile she had always ready for him, but lacking the buoyancy of expression she had formerly worn.

"What a somber face you carry, Olive, dear," said he, drawing her down by his side and passing his hand affectionately over her dusky hair. "Were I in Victor's place I would remonstrate with such a sorrowful-visaged *fiancee*. Seriously, I have been distressing myself with fears for your health. Much as I love my little girl and dread to part with her, I have been thinking that it may be best to hasten a certain ceremony and send her South before the fall frosts set in. That tropical nature of yours will revive amid the orange blooms of the softer climate."

"But I am in no haste to leave you, uncle. There is no place so dear to me as here, where I have passed so many happy years, and I can not bear to think of parting from you who have always filled a father's place toward me."

"Then, my dear, don't let the rose dim in your cheeks, or I shall overcome my own selfishness and send you away despite of yourself. What troubles you, Olive? I can not be contented while I see you disgruntled. Confess to me as you used to do when a little child, oppressed by the weight of repeated misdeeds."

He spoke half-banteringly, but with a shade of real concern, which she did not fail to detect.

"I have been thoughtless, indeed, to cause you anxiety," she said. "I have only been half-repenting the promise which will necessitate my leaving you some day."

"Why, what notion is this, Olive? You've not been indulging in a lover's quarrel, I hope?"

"Oh, no! But, uncle, I fear sometimes that I don't love Victor as I ought. I can not fancy myself much disappointed if circumstances should yet break the tie between her, for a brief visit to the sufferer. Some dread had weighed upon her all that day. A fear perhaps that Eve might arouse to baffle her in the very height of her stolen possession."

He dropped his playful tone, but spoke very gently.

"You are no longer a child, Olive; and in this matter your own free-will must decide."

"Ah, uncle, I fear that I do not know my own mind!"

"Dismiss such silly fancies, my dear. Love is not like the gourd which sprung up in a single night. It is more like the oak which grows and strengthens with the wind and the sunshine, and gains hardihood from the wind and storm."

He drew the simile from his own experience. Since the time he had planned for his marriage, when Eve Collingsbrooke was yet in her childhood, there had grown up a part of himself the strong love he had since lavished upon his wife, believing the realization of the ideal bride he had cherished in his heart through all the years of their long betrothal.

At a little distance she encountered Victor, consoling himself during the solitary moments of waiting by smoking beneath the starlight. He threw away his cigar as she approached.

"Have you any reason for regretting the choice you have made, Olive?"

"None, other than I have said."

"Then, my dear, do not court discontent by dwelling on the dark side of a possibility. Don't coax up girlish fancies which you will regret having indulged. Ah! there is Victor himself. I think I can safely trust him to put to flight those shadowy doubts."

As he spoke Victor entered, and Frampton passed out, leaving the betrothed pair together.

"What is it, Olive? Certainly, no doubt of me has entered your mind," he said, taking the place by her side which Mr. Frampton had just vacated.

"Not of you, but of myself," she answered. "I fear I do not love you as I should, Victor; not with the entire devotion that I should wish to give my husband."

"That will come hereafter, Olive. I am quite content to know that you will accord it to me in the future. You must, for love begets love, and mine is so strong and true that it will."

So Olive's scruples were reason enough, and her birthday came, so bright that it seemed a happy foreshadowing of the life which lay beyond it.

They had expected Richard Holstead's return in time to participate in the gaieties of the birth-night *fête*; but when the day faded into the purple dusk of twilight, and he had not arrived, expectation of his presence was relinquished.

## CHAPTER XVII.

THE UNSEEN HAND THAT SMITES.

It was scarcely dusk when Frampton House threw out the glare of its myriad lights.

The rooms, faultless in the entire newness of their finish and furnishing, were redolent with the scent of summer flowers. A neighboring greenery had been rifled of its rarest blossoms, and these mingled with the garden blooms, with an exquisite taste as regarded the blending of colors, formed the most delightful of decorations.

Curtains of snowy lace over others of ruddy silk were suspended from the beaks of bright-plumaged birds that hung poised with outspread wings, as if prepared to take ready flight. A few rare paintings upon the walls broke their satiny smoothness with a sense of rest to the eye. Great branching chandeliers, all a-gitter with silver and crystal, caught up and reflected over and over again, the gleam of the waxen tapers they upheld. Marbles gleamed whitely from unexpected niches, and bronzes—ugly as I have ever thought them—caught a glow of life from the radiance within them; and gold-framed mirrors on every side reproduced the scene in apparently endless vista.

Mr. Frampton had spared no expense in any detail, and Cecil's sensuous tastes reveled in the beauties provided for her. Had Victor never penetrated this quiet, easy life which spread itself invitingly before her, she would have buried all sense of remorse and regret in the enjoyment of the luxuries it secured to her. Or, had he come tempting her only with the remembrance of what had been between them, she would have remained strong in her determination of loyalty to her husband.

No, for they would be traced to her with little difficulty, and the explanation we wish to avoid is thus precipitated. And, besides, with the diamonds in my possession, we need fear no evil in the future should all else fail. They are certainties; the rest we must trust to chance."

"Then you must find means to evade her demand. If this troublesome counterpart of yours has no influential friends to back her, I will find means to insure her silence until her disclosures can be of no moment to us. Leagued together we will not be thwarted by a single woman, Cecil."

She paused. It was in her mind to tell him all the truth. But she hesitated, knowing that the impression of impending evil which weighed upon her would fade away to his matter-of-fact view, should he know Eve's present helplessness.

"Well," he questioned, with manifest anxiety. "She came to you here, you say?"

"Yes, she came to me, but with no ill-will or purpose of revenge. Yet she asked of me what it will be an impossibility to perform. She demanded only the restitution of the diamonds which you know are rightfully hers. I put her off for the time, but the reprieve I gained has almost expired. Exposure threatens me; and you, Victor, must save me from the consequences."

"Why not give her the jewels?" he asked.

"They will not balance against Olive's fortune and your marriage settlements. Rid yourself of her importunities when you can do it at so easy a rate, and we will compass our end undisturbed."

"I dare not. Their absence would be almost immediately discovered, and a false pretense would not account for their disappearance."

"Simulate a burglary," he suggested.

"No, for they would be traced to her with little difficulty, and the explanation we wish to avoid is thus precipitated. And, besides, with the diamonds in my possession, we need fear no evil in the future should all else fail. They are certainties; the rest we must trust to chance."

"Then you must find means to evade her demand. If this troublesome counterpart of yours has no influential friends to back her, I will find means to insure her silence until her disclosures can be of no moment to us. Leagued together we will not be thwarted by a single woman, Cecil."

She was kind to me once," she said, and I would not like to have her subjected to the harsh measures you hint at. I shall endeavor to satisfy her for a time. Tell me once more that Olive is nothing to you, that I am everything; it will give me patience to wait as well as courage to work."

"You are nervous to-night, Cecil, or you would not need the assurance. You have it though, freely. Olive is nothing more to me than the mere instrument to work out my will. I do not love her; you alone ever have or ever can sway me through that passion. I shall have no compunction when once my end is gained in leaving her for you. Are you satisfied now?"

"Only because it must be," she answered, in a low voice.

They had been walking back and forth along one of the principal paths intersecting the grounds, and had penetrated further now than at any previous turn. Neither of them saw a figure that started forward, and then checking its motion drew back into shadow as they retraced their steps.

It was Richard Holstead, who, delayed upon the way, had just arrived. He had paused a moment in the grounds to view the house with its windows like glaring Ar-

gus eyes, and listen to the soft strains of melody that were wafted out upon the night air. He had not observed their approach until Victor's concluding words caught his ear. He started to follow, but restrained himself, too honorable to commit a questionable act even for a good end; neither did he succeed in identifying D'Ar-

nos's companion.

They disappeared, and he slowly approached the house, pondering over the declaration he had accidentally overheard. He had not mistaken it, and he felt that some plot was in progress, which, if left to work, would terminate fatally for Olive's peace—Olive, the one woman he had loved, and whose image he had struggled vainly to uproot from his heart, was marked as the victim of some vile conspiracy.

Little need of fearing the spark of vitality which lingered yet in that senseless form. Eve by so motionless that the other bent over her in affright, thinking her really dead; but the faint respiration, the almost imperceptible flutter of the pulse, reassured her. The disease had reached its most critical point, a crisis would be passed during the night.

Cecil went down all smiles to meet the arriving guests, the apparent incarnation of happiness, knowing that all along the life she had wronged was struggling feebly against the fearful power of death.

It was nearing midnight, and the gayety was at its height, when she threaded her way through the crowd and stepped unperceived out through one of the open windows. Some merry young couples were promenading the verandas, but she avoided these, and gathering her dainty garments close about her, sped swiftly and silently down the gravelled pathway.

At a little distance she encountered Victor, consoling himself during the solitary moments of waiting by smoking beneath the starlight. He threw away his cigar as she approached.

"Have you any reason for regretting the choice you have made, Olive?"

"None, other than I have said."

"Then, my dear, do not court discontent by dwelling on the dark side of a possibility. Don't coax up girlish fancies which you will regret having indulged. Ah! there is Victor himself. I think I can safely trust him to put to flight those shadowy doubts."

"Now, then," she continued, when they stood apart from the throng, "I dare say you have been priding yourself upon your own attractiveness as a prospective bride, but I'm going to give you a Roland for an Oliver. Walter and I have just concluded to make our home in the mountains."

"I don't doubt you, Victor; but I have come to make one more appeal. Don't persist in the course you have set yourself to follow. Let us forget every thing for each other before we forfeit the happiness which may yet be ours. Don't let us wait for Fate to dash the wine of life from our lips through our dallying over it."

"You are speaking strangely, Cecil. Surely, you know me well enough to believe me to be a man of good sense. I am sincerely glad, Sophie, and congratulate you with all my heart."

"Well, then, since you are not surprised, no more am I," Sophie rattled on. "I've felt it in my bones as the sea-captain said when the storm broke, which his rheumatic joints predicted. Not that I'm of such a merciful disposition, but you, Walter, has persecuted me so long I'm obliged to take him at last in pure self-defense."

"What and you thought to surprise me?" Olive ejaculated in mock horror.

Sophie soon drifted away from the interesting subject, to pass remarks upon the shifting figures in the scene before them.

"Mrs. Frampton is the cynosure of all eyes, and no wonder—she is inimitable. Almost too richly dressed, I should say, for a hostess; but she bears it well."

day, he saw his daughter depressed in spirits—also declining in health. She seemed, as she had said to her sister and herself, destined for an early tomb. In truth, she appeared to be fast hastening to it.

At first her father had hopes that the change to new scenes in Texas might do something to fling oblivion over the past, and bring peace back to her mind, if not her former buoyancy of spirit. He had also a hope that another love might take the place of the lost one. For this reason was he giving every opportunity of paying his addresses to the young surgeon, Wharton; as well as to several other aspirants of good condition belonging to the colonist band.

All in vain; and Colonel Armstrong soon began to see it. It might have been different had the blighted heart been that of his younger daughter, Jessie. With her the Spanish proverb, "un clavo saca otro clavo" might have had a meaning. Not so with Helen. No second love passion could ever thrive, or have existence, in her heart. The first was still living, still burning, there; though its object no longer lived to nourish or keep it warm.

Helen Armstrong was of a nature, alas! too rare among her sex—a woman of one love. That won, she would keep it all her life. If lost, she would not, could not, love again. Like an eagle's mate, deprived of her proud lord, she would prefer to live her after-life in lone solitude or die.

Her father, perceiving this, was sometimes sad. Fortunately for him, there was a good balance on the other side—many circumstances to compensate and cheer him. The joy of his other child, Jessie; her exuberance of spirits; the hopes that seemed to halo her young life, were flung over the future of all. And then, there were the excitement attendant on the industries of the hour, the cares of the cotton husbandry, with speculations as to the success of the crop; these, and a hundred other pleasant things, kept Colonel Armstrong from dwelling either often or long on thoughts that could but distress. There was nothing to distress him on that night as he sat at the head of the dining-table in the old Mission refectory. With the glass of steaming punch before him, and a good cigar between his teeth, he was conversing with his guests, gay as the gayest.

They had ceased to talk of Dupre's suspected servant; and their conversation was now about sugar—discussing the point of whether the saccharine reed could be cultivated in the San Saba valley. They all knew it could be grown there. The question was, whether it would pay. As on almost every other speculative subject, there was difference of opinion; some holding that it would answer well; others that it would not be worth cultivating. A bulky article, difficult of transport, and too far from shipping port.

While the discussion was going on, and just as it had reached its height, a new guest entered the room, who, without waiting for an invitation to speak, said six words that at once put an end to the conversation about sugar.

The words were:  
"Gentlemen! there are Indians about!"

#### CHAPTER LV.

##### FALSE SECURITY.

He who had made the announcement was one of Colonel Armstrong's fellow-colonists; though not one who would have been invited to the private table, or even to a glass of wine after dinner. He was of the class of common settlers, with the air of a rough backwoodsman, and wearing the costume of a hunter.

He had stepped into the room unannounced, confident that the report he carried would hold him free from being considered an intruder.

And it did. On the moment of his pronouncing the word "Indians," all around the table started to their feet, and stood waiting, breathlessly expectant of what he had further to say.

Colonel Armstrong alone spoke; the old soldier showing the presence of mind befitting an occasion of alarm.

"Indians about! What reason have you for thinking so, Hawkins?"

Hawkins was the name of the man in the buck-skin hunting-shirt, who had so abruptly introduced himself.

"The best of reasons, colonel. I've seen 'em myself."

"Seen them yourself? Where?"

"Well, Cris Tucker and I started out this mornin' at an early hour, intendin' to make a good day's hunt of it. We took down the river bottom to the crossing-place. We there crossed over to the further bank, because we'd noticed plenty of deer on that side the day we all came up. We found the animals again, and shot three does and a buck. In followin' we saw an easy path through a sort of gully that sloped up to the upper plain. Cris believed we might find buffalo there; and so we strung our venison on a tree and kept on up the gully.

"When we reached the plain above we struck out upon it, and went on about six or seven miles, but saw no buffalo or any other game. What we did see was something to give us a scare. While we were restin' by the side of one o' them prairie groves we got sight of a party of men, all mounted. They looked at first as if they were comin' straight toward the grove in which we'd halted. We were both pretty bad scared; but just then they turned off a little, and passed the place—not very near, but near enough for us to see that they were Indians. We could see their feathers and painted faces plain enough as the sun shined on them. As we didn't want to get any closer, we kept under cover and let them pass on.

"When they were clean out o' sight we started for home, keeping a sharp look-out not to come across them again."

"While riding back over the upper plain we didn't see any thing more of them, not till we got to the crossing of the river below. But there, in the mud, where the bank slopes down to the water's edge, were the tracks of at least twenty horses, fresh made. It was moonlight, still we were able to tell that. We could tell, too, they were unshod animals, and could be no other than them ridden by Indians. For certainly they were the same party as passed us on the upper plain."

"After getting to this side the stream we again looked for the tracks. There were they, sure enough, leadin' up out of the river bed onto the bank. Then they turned in this direction, and we traced 'em all along the river edge, up the bottom, till we could n't make them out any longer, as just then the moon went under a cloud. We lost

them about a mile below the Mission here.

Where the savages went afterward, or where they are now, 'tarn't possible for me to tell. All I've got to say is, what I've said already: *there are Indians about!*"

The information thus imparted produced a startling effect on the minds of the assembled planters; all of them, to a man, becoming suddenly apprehensive of danger. All the more, from its being their first alarm of the kind. While traveling through Eastern Texas, where the settlements are thick and of somewhat old standing, Indians had not even been talked of. There was no chance of seeing any there. Only after drawing nigh to the Colorado were the Indians likely to be encountered, though it did not necessarily follow that the encounter should be hostile. On the contrary, it ought to be friendly; since a treaty of peace had for some time been existing between the Comanches and Texans.

For all this, Colonel Armstrong, being an old Indian-fighter, and thoroughly acquainted with the character of the red-men, both in war and peace, had not relied altogether on their pacific promises. He knew that such contracts only bind the savages so long as they seem convenient to him, to be broken whenever they become irksome. Moreover, a rumor had reached the emigrants, that, although the great Comanche nation was itself keeping the treaty, there were several small bands of independent tribes—Lipans and Seminoles—accustomed to make intermittent "rauds" upon the frontier settlements, chiefly for stealing horses, or anything else that chanced to fall in their way.

For this reason, after entering the territory where such marauders might possibly be encountered, the old campaigner had conducted his train as if passing through an enemy's country. The wagons had been regularly *corralled*, and night guards kept—both camp sentries and pickets.

These rules had been observed up to the moment of their arrival at their destination. Then, as the people got settled down in their respective domiciles, and nothing had been hitherto heard of Indians in that district of country, the discipline had been relaxed—in fact, almost abandoned. The colonists, in all numbering over fifty men, with the usual proportion of women and children—to say nothing of the two or three hundred negro slaves—deemed themselves strong enough to repel any ordinary assault from savages. They now felt themselves at home; and, with the confidence thus inspired, they had ceased to think about being molested either by red-skins or any other enemies.

It was for this reason that the apparently eccentric movements of Dupre's half-breed servant, observed by the young surgeon, had failed to make more than a passing impression on the guests around Colonel Armstrong's table. True, the man's conduct was mysterious, and called for an explanation; which, then, no one of the party had been able to give.

Now, after the communication made by the hunter, it presented a more serious aspect, and was, in truth, but too intelligible.

Every one in the room leaped to the conclusion that the half-blood inside the house was in secret correspondence with full-blooded Indians outside; and that some scheme was on foot, whether of pilfering or bold plunder was a question that could not be determined.

The thought of either was sufficient to excite Colonel Armstrong's guests, if not terribly to alarm them; and they had all risen to their feet, ready to take action.

The old soldier was the first to direct it, saying:

"Bring your half-breed in, Dupre. Let us see what he has to say for himself."

"Tell Fernand to come here!" exclaimed the young planter, the command being given to one of the negro boys who waited on the table. "Tell him to come instantly!"

The waiter went off to execute the order, and was gone several minutes.

During the interval, they continued to discuss the circumstances that had so suddenly turned up; questioning the hunter, Hawkins, and receiving from him some further details of what he and his comrade had seen, as also what they believed or conjectured.

Whatever of new light was thus thrown upon the subject only excited them the more, increasing their apprehensions.

These were still further intensified when the darkie returned into the dining-room with the announcement that *Fernand could not be found!*

CHAPTER LVI.

##### FERNAND NOT A FAVORITE.

WHILE Colonel Armstrong and his guests were thus agitated inside the Mission building, at the same instant of his daughters, outside, were stirred by emotions equally vivid.

It was shortly after the suspected servant had passed them with stealthy tread and disappeared through the opening in the wall. On seeing him steal past, their first feeling had been one of curious surprise, which soon gave place to grave imaginings. These were expressed in words of mutual interrogation.

"What on earth is that fellow after?" asked Helen, whose speech came first.

"What, indeed?" echoed Jessie.

"A question you, Jessie, should be better able to answer than I. He is the trusted servant of your Louis; and surely Dupre must have told you all about him?"

"Not a word has he. He knows that I don't like the man, and never did from the first. I've intimated as much to my Louis, as you call him—more than once."

"That ought to have got the fellow into trouble. Dupre will surely not keep him when he knows it is disagreeable to you?"

"Well, perhaps he would not if I were to put it in that way. I haven't done so yet. I only hinted that for a confidential servant Fernand was not altogether to my liking; especially to be made so much of as Louis seems to make of him. You know, dear Helen, that my future lord and master is of a very generous and trusting nature, far too much so for some of the people now around him. Louis has been brought up like all Creoles, without thought for the morrow; perhaps a little too fond of pleasure, though not without plenty of ambition. A sprinkling of Yankee cuteness wouldn't do him a bit of harm. As for this Fernand, he has insinuated himself into Louis's confidence in some way that appears quite mysterious. As you know, it puzzles our father; though he has said nothing about it. So far he has been satisfied, because Fernand has proved very capable, and useful to them in their affairs. It appears he knows all about this country, having been

out in it before. He is very subservient, both to father and Louis; which father don't like, I know. For my part, I'm puzzled about the whole matter, and can't make out what he's after now."

Such was the conclusion of Jessie's somewhat prolonged response to her sister's searching interrogatory.

"I confess to a like quandary," rejoined the elder sister. "Fernand's conduct, all along, but more especially Dupre's behavior to him, quite mystifies me, as I think it does most of our people. Mr. Wharton, who is a sensible sort of person, in his way, does not hesitate to say that Louis acts very imprudently in trusting him. That, however, is all mere suspicion, and might arise from looking at Fernand's face. I don't think any one could scrutinize his countenance without coming to the conclusion that it belongs to a villain—one capable of almost any crime. There is something so animal-like about his eyes—that Spanish expression suggesting the *stiletto*, with a readiness to make use of it. Like yourself, I had a bad opinion of him from the first, judging him only by his looks. Now, if I mistake not, we have proof of guilt in his actions, or are soon likely to have. From the way he went past he is evidently on some errand not honest. Can you give any guess as to what it is?"

"I? Not the slightest." "Can it be theft, think you? Is there any thing he could be carrying away from the house, with the intention of secreting it outside? Some of Dupre's gold for instance, or the pretty jewels he has given you?"

"My jewels! No; they are safe in their case; locked up in my room, out of which I've here got the key. As for Louis's gold, he has none. I know that. All the money he possesses—more than fifty thousand dollars, I believe—is in silver. I wondered at his bringing it out here in that heavy shape, for it made a whole wagon-load of itself. He told me the reason, however. It appears that among Indians and men trading upon the Texas borders, gold is not held in such esteem as silver is."

"It can scarcely be silver Fernand is stealing out, if it's theft he's engaged in. He would look more loaded, and could not move so lightly. He did not appear to be carrying any thing, did he?"

"I saw nothing. He was skipping along like a grasshopper."

"Rather say gliding like a snake. I never saw a man whose motion more resembled the devil in serpent shape—except one."

The thought of that one, who was Richard Darke, caused Helen Armstrong to suspend speech, at the same time evoking a sigh from her bosom, given to the memory of another one—Charles Clancy.

"Shall we go back into the house?" asked Jessie.

"For what purpose?"

"To tell Louis of this we've seen; to warn him about Fernand."

"If we did, the warning would be unheeded. I fear your Louis will remain unconvinc'd of the treason of his trusted servant until something unpleasant occurs. After all, we ourselves have as yet only suspicions. I propose that we stay here a little longer, and see what comes of this stealthy promenade. In all probability the fellow will soon be back, and he is sure to enter again this way. By staying here and watching him we may find out what he's scheming after. Shall we wait for him, then? You're not afraid, Jessie?"

"I am a little, I confess. Do you know, Helen, this Fernand gives me the same sort of feeling I had when I used to meet that fellow in the streets of Natchitoches. At times he looks at me just in the same way. And yet the two are so different."

"Well, since no harm came of your Natchitoches bogie, it's to be hoped there won't come any from this one. If you have any fear to remain here, let us go in. Only my curiosity is greatly stirred by the man's eccentric behavior. I'd like to know the end of it. If we don't discover any thing, it can do no harm to try. What say you? Shall we go or stay?"

"I'm not afraid now. You make me brave, Helen. Besides, we may discover something to benefit Louis, and therefore all of us."

"Then," said Helen, "let us stay."

#### CHAPTER LVII.

##### BORNE OFF.

HAVING resolved to await the coming back of Fernand, and watch his further movements, the sisters now brought them of seeking a safer post of observation; one in which there would be less danger of being themselves seen.

It was Helen the idea occurred.

"On his return," she said, "he might stray this way, and not go up by the center wall. We had better conceal ourselves a little more effectually. I wonder he didn't see us while passing out. No doubt he would have done so but for his looking so anxiously behind and going at such a rapid rate. Coming back he may not be so much hurried, and if he should discover us, there would be an end to our chances of getting satisfied about him. Where's the best place for us to play spy?"

The two looked in different directions, scanning the ground in search of the spot most appropriate for espionage.

There could be no difficulty in finding such a place. The shrubbery, long unpruned, grew luxuriantly everywhere, screening the facade of the garden wall all along its length.

They wanted to be where they could see without danger of being seen; where they could command a view both of the gap in the wall and the garden walk that led straight from it up to the rear of the Mission building.

And just such there was—a sort of arbor of evergreens entwined with orchids, bigonias, and other climbing and parasitical plants. It was within less than a score of yards from where the wall was in ruins.

They knew of this shady retreat; had been in it before during daylight. Now, although the moon was shining brightly down upon the trees, its interior, arched over by the evergreens and thatched by the creepers, was in shadow—dark as a cavern. Once inside it, eye could not see them from without, even at only six feet of distance.

"The very place," whispered Helen, and they started toward it.

To reach the arbor they had to cross the main walk, of some width, and pass that point where the wall had been breached by some rude intruders—perhaps the savages who had, long years ago, made the Mission desolate. There the crumbling adobes scattered over the path formed an obstruction,

rendering it necessary for them to step slowly and with care. The girls were doing this, going hand in hand for mutual guidance and support.

They had got opposite the gap, where the ground was open and unshaded by either trees or shrubbery. There, exposed to view, were the white dresses floating lightly around them as they glided silently along, they might have been taken for sylphs, or wood-nymphs, moving under the moonlight.

To complete the sylvan picture, it would seem almost necessary that there should be wood-demons near at hand.

And such in reality there were, or something that very closely resembled them. No satyrs could have shown in more grotesque shape or horrid guise than the forms that at this moment presented themselves to the view of the sylph-like sisters.

They had paused opposite the opening in the wall. Some instinct, perhaps curiosity, tempted them to take a look at the shadowy forest outside. And there, as if under the spell of an unaccountable fascination, they stood for a time gazing into its dark, mysterious depths.

They saw nothing save the conflagration of the fireflies, nor did they hear any thing but the usual voices of the Southern night, to which both had been from infancy accustomed. There might have been other sounds. If so, they were by these obscured, and, to the sisters, inaudible.

Their pause, although of scarcely twenty seconds duration, was all of this too long. Had they kept on into the arbor, they might have remained unseen, and, perhaps, escaped the terrible fate.

They were about moving onward toward it, when all at once the gap in the wall appeared to be closed up suddenly, as by magic. It was a dark mass that filled it; at first seeming compact, but soon scattering into distinct forms. They were men, though, to the eyes of the alarmed sisters, they looked like demons. No wonder they did, since on the American frontier the typical aspect of the devil himself is that of a plumed and painted Indian. And the men making way through the wall were plumed and painted Indians!

Their pause, although of scarcely twenty seconds duration, was all of this too long. Had they kept on into the arbor, they might have remained unseen, and, perhaps, escaped the terrible fate.

They were about moving onward toward it, when all at once the gap in the wall appeared to be closed up suddenly, as by magic. It was a dark mass that filled it; at first seeming compact, but soon scattering into distinct forms. They were men, though, to the eyes of the alarmed sisters, they looked like demons. No wonder they did, since on the American frontier the typical aspect of the devil

"I saw you pass when you rode into the river," the girl said, "and as I had previously seen those bold, bad men lying concealed in the bushes, I knew that they waited for a human prey; when I saw you, I guessed that it was for you that they lay in ambush."

"I reckon that that long fellow thought that he had been sent for when you plugged him with your rifle," Crockett said.

"Those three men wronged me so terribly," the girl observed, with a mournful sigh.

"Wronged you?" Gilbert said, in astonishment; "you know them then?"

"Yes, few dwellers for leagues around but know of the White Indians and of their terrible deeds," the girl replied.

"I reckon I've got it for sure!" Crockett cried, suddenly. "Them skunks air the ones who tied you on the back of the wild hoss."

"Yes," the girl answered.

"What motive had they to commit such a terrible crime? Surely you could never have wronged them in any way?"

"No; they were but the hands that executed another's will."

"And that other?" Gilbert questioned.

"You forget; I have before told you that I could not reveal who it was that placed me in such terrible peril."

"But the motive for such a fearful inhuman act?"

"To separate me from the man that I love," the girl said, slowly, her dark cheeks suffused with blushes.

"But who could wish to do that?"

"His father," she replied, in answer to the question of the Mustanger.

"And because the son loves you, the father dooms you to such a terrible death?"

Gilbert exclaimed, in great astonishment.

"Yes."

"And for the son's sake you will not reveal the name of your cruel enemy?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry for it!" cried Crockett, emphatically. "It would do my heart good for to tan the hide of such a pesky varmint as he must be. Jerusalem, I'd wallop him so that that wouldn't be any thing left of him but a grease-spot!"

"It must not be!" exclaimed the girl, quickly; "even now I am in search of the man that I love so well, to tell him that we must part forever."

"And just 'cos the old coon objects?"

"Yes."

"Don't you do it; let the pesky old villain go to grass. Don't let your young affection run to seed in any such fashion. Stick to the man you love like a lean dog to a shin of beef. You're sure you're right, so go ahead!"

"Danger lurks in the air!" cried a deep voice, and a stalwart figure rose, phantom-like, from the gloom of the earth.

"Wake, snakes an' come at me! hyer's that tarnal critter again!" muttered Crockett, as he recognized the person of the madman.

The strange being was clad as usual in the garb of skins, and bore in his hand the knotted club.

The girl shrank closer to the side of the Mustanger as the madman rose from the earth.

Dark as was the night, the glaring orbs of the maniac noticed the movement of the girl.

"Right I shrink from me!" he muttered, his eyes rolling in strange frenzy. "I am dangerous to you, dangerous to all who have eyes black as night—eyes such as she had when she dwelt on earth. That was long ago," he added, in a mournful tone and with a shake of the head. "Now she is a saint above—in that heaven that the Mission priest told me of when I was a little boy, playing around my mother's knee by the sunny banks of the Segu. She is an angel above—a white-robed messenger of peace with great golden wings and a shining halo of light playing around her temples, not like the earthly flame which sometimes crowns my head when I scare the brutal, earth-painted warrior from his prey. She comes down in a flood of silver light and talks to me when I couch like the panther amid the rocks of the barranca. She is an angel of love and peace, and yet she sometimes whispers in my ears that I have a mission of blood, that I must stain my hands crimson with human gore."

The hearers shuddered, despite their firm nerves, at the words of the hapless madman.

The maniac glared around him for a moment and then stepped noiselessly to the side of the Mustanger, whose arm encircled the slender waist of the Indian girl.

"That is right," he muttered; "I find protection in his strong arm. He is of another race; I can not harm him. She came to me last night. Before she has always bidden me to slay the murdering red wolves who claim the prairie as their own; but last night she whispered in my ear that I must have Mexican blood. She told me the name of the man that I must kill, how he looked, and where I should find him. The time will soon come, for I dreamed it all over last night. I must strike him amid the smoke of an Indian wigwam far off on the prairie. Strange! and when I killed him, her eyes looked at me out of his face."

The two Americans listened to wonder over the incoherent words of the singular being.

The madman strode suddenly over to Crockett. The hardy woodman, astonished at the action, retreated a pace and laid his hand upon his hunting-knife.

The maniac never noticed the threatening action, but placed his hand upon the shoulder of the borderer and peered intently into his face; then he beth his head down and whispered lowly and mysteriously into the ear of Crockett.

"Were you ever mad?" he said.

Crockett stared at the question.

"I reckon I never was—not as I know on," he replied, honestly.

"It is a terrible thing to be mad—terrible when the moments of sanity come, and you remember what you have done in your madness. I remember every thing—twenty years back. It is a dreadful thing to be mad for twenty years."

"Yes, I reckon so," Crockett said, dubiously, a cold shiver creeping over him as the ice-like face of the madman came close to his own.

"When we are mad, we hate those whom in sanity we love. What is this thing called the 'brain'?" he questioned, suddenly.

"Why should we go mad? The soul can not be sick; why should the brain?"

A careful glance, though, told him that it was the senseless form of Red Jose.

"He has been killed outright!" the Mexican muttered, in dismay.

Tell you as well about the acts I have committed during my insane moments, as of those when I have been in full possession of my reason. I can't understand it. Now, for the moment, I am sane. I would not harm a hair of yonder child's head for the world. Even the Indian chief, the White Mustang, I would not harm, for there is something in his eyes which calls back to me one whom I have loved and lost. But the very instant the madness comes back to me, I crave the blood of the Indian chief and of this girl. The chief I shall kill—I know it—I feel it; but this poor girl—Heaven grant that she escape me! Let her avoid me, for in my madness I shall kill her."

He leaned his head down heavily upon the shoulder of Crockett, much to the borderer's dismay, for stout-hearted Crockett feared the terrible madman.

"Hush!" cried the latter, raising his head suddenly and glaring around him, "do you not hear?"

"What?" asked Crockett, who could not distinguish a sound.

"The unshod hoofs of the Indian mustangs striking on the prairie. The Comanches are on the saddle and they ride to death. Warn them at Dianis that the Mexican moon is rising. A thousand strong, the red avalanche sweeps over the prairie. Blood will flow like spring rain. Be warned!"

And then the madman glided away in the gloom.

A low groan coming from the shadow of a clump of bushes next attracted Bandera's attention.

Great was his astonishment and dismay when he discovered the leader of the White Indians, Michael Dago, stretched almost senseless upon the earth, weltering in a little pool of his own blood.

With his handkerchief Bandera endeavored to staunch the wound of the bandit.

"Heaven's curse upon this North American!" the Mexican cried, in despair; "he must have fought like a demon!"

Taking the sash from his waist, Bandera ran to the river and dipped it in the water; then he returned to the stricken bandit and bathed his brow with the moistened silk.

With a low groan the bandit chief opened his eyes; slowly, consciousness came back to him.

"Oh, Jesus save me!" he muttered, faintly. In the dark presence of the destroying angel the early teachings of the Mission priest came back to the mind of the crime-stained ruffian.

"You are badly hurt, Michael," Bandera said, with an anxious glance in the face of the helpless man.

"Yes, done for this world," Dago murmured, faintly.

"Oh, not so bad as that, I hope," the Mexican said, cheerfully.

"My last stake is lost—the game's up. Santa Maria! how hot I am!"

The mind of the brigand was evidently wandering.

"I'll get you some water—wait a moment."

Again Bandera ran to the river; this time he filled the hollows of his hand with the limpid water and carried it to the parched lips of the outlaw.

Great drops of sweat were standing on the brow of the dying man.

"How were you hurt?" asked Bandera, anxious to learn the details of the American's escape, for escape he surely had.

"A spirit fresh from heaven," the outlaw murmured.

"A spirit?" Bandera cried, in surprise.

"Yes—she rose out of the earth. By the flash of the rifle I saw her face—" and Dago paused, gasping for breath.

Bandera could not guess the hidden meaning of Dago's words.

Carefully he bathed his brows and wiped away the damp dews of death which were gathering so thick and fast upon the forehead.

"A spirit you say?"

"Yes, an angel from heaven sent—not to save this heretic—but to punish me," Dago said, speaking with difficulty.

"To punish you?" Bandera exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Yes—your turn will come next—"

"My turn?"

"Yes."

"What did this spirit look like?" asked the Mexican, in wonder, perplexed by the strange words of the other, and almost convinced in his own mind that he was listening to the ravings of a maniac.

"Why she—you know—" muttered Dago, speaking with greater difficulty and his breath coming thick and fast.

"I do not understand you—"

"That girl!"

"What girl?"

"The one we tied on the—on the back—"

"Of the wild horse?" cried Bandera, in consternation.

"Yes—that one—" gasped the outlaw.

"And she appealed to you?"

"Her spirit—yes—shot me, here—I—your turn next—I—Santa—"

A single gasp and baffled Bandera was alone with the dead.

(To be continued—continued in No. 102.)

### For Duty's Sake.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"It must be so Harry. Do not wound me by refusing to believe it."

It was a voice in which tears were quivering; a voice that was trying so hard to be brave and cheerful; a sweet, clear, high voice, perfect, as every thing about Daisy Hammond was perfect.

Just now, as she stood before Dr. Severn, looking up into his cold, stern face with her eyes, that were so blue, and so bright with their little oceans of unshed tears, she was very fair, very sweet to look upon; and, perhaps, Dr. Severn thought so, too, despite the cross curl of his proud lips, as he looked down first into her pure, true eyes, then at the dainty white hands, that nestled like two white doves, one on either of his shoulders.

Daisy was nearly a half-head shorter than he, and, just now, when that delicate, flushed face was so nearly under his lips, Dr. Severn was strongly tempted to stoop and imprint warm, loving kisses on it.

But then those very same sweet lips had been uttering what was, to Dr. Severn, rank treason; foul disloyalty to him; to whom, all the world, he insisted Daisy Hammond alone owed allegiance.

He was not at all a stubborn man; his mouth and chin were too exquisitely and finely cut for that, although they were very full of haughty pride.

For a moment after she had spoken he looked her steadily in the eyes. Then he answered her, just a little sternly, just a little cavalierly.

"So you think, then, Daisy, that our engagement is to be a second consideration? I must confess with myself it was foremost over all things."

She detected the sarcasm, and he knew it by the slight trembling of those little palms on his shoulder.

"Harry! you know I do not want that because I do not think so. To me, nothing on earth would give so much pleasure as to go on as we have been going; but, Harry!"—and her eyes filled with tears, and her voice shivered a little, as though she may—Harry, duty is duty. And what account can we give, some day, if we do not fulfill it?"

Dr. Severn smiled strangely; Daisy could hardly tell whether he was laughing at her or reproving her.

"You are only romancing," he said, coolly, as he restlessly released himself from her clinging hands. "But of course you can suit yourself. If you choose to immolate yourself on the altar of sacrifice—why, I don't suppose I can dissuade you. I see I have little influence."

"Oh, Harry, how can you say so, when you know I would do every thing, and all things to please you as well as I love you?"

And now the tears overflowed those tender, entwining eyes.

"I have been killed outright!" the Mexican muttered, in dismay.

"When we are mad, we hate those whom in sanity we love. What is this thing called the 'brain'?" he questioned, suddenly.

"Why should we go mad? The soul can not be sick; why should the brain?"

A careful glance, though, told him that it was the senseless form of Red Jose.

"He has been killed outright!" the Mexican muttered, in dismay.

The night was dark, and the faint light of the moon and stars afforded but little assistance.

Bandera at last stepped in upon the scene of the ambuscade.

By the faint light which came from the heavens upon a dark body lying motionless upon the ground.

"The American for a hundred ounces!" he muttered, in fierce joy, as he knelt down by the side of the body.

"It is a dreadful thing to be mad—terrible when the moments of sanity come, and you remember what you have done in your madness. I remember every thing—twenty years back. It is a dreadful thing to be mad for twenty years."

"Yes, I reckon so," Crockett said, dubiously, a cold shiver creeping over him as the ice-like face of the madman came close to his own.

"When we are mad, we hate those whom in sanity we love. What is this thing called the 'brain'?" he questioned, suddenly.

"Why should we go mad? The soul can not be sick; why should the brain?"

A careful glance, though, told him that it was the senseless form of Red Jose.

"He has been killed outright!" the Mexican muttered, in dismay.

"When we are mad, we hate those whom in sanity we love. What is this thing called the 'brain'?" he questioned, suddenly.

"Why should we go mad? The soul can not be sick; why should the brain?"

A careful glance, though, told him that it was the senseless form of Red Jose.

"He has been killed outright!" the Mexican muttered, in dismay.

"When we are mad, we hate those whom in sanity we love. What is this thing called the 'brain'?" he questioned, suddenly.

"Why should we go mad? The soul can not be sick; why should the brain?"

A careful glance, though, told him that it was the senseless form of Red Jose.

## THE MANIAC'S DEFENSE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Mad? not a bit of it; perfectly sane; Who thinks I'm mad is certainly mad; How could I live in this place and reign? Who could be out of my mind? Are you not the great Mandarin of Hong Kong? Whom I met once, this side of the moon? We are well met again; but, my friend, you are wrong. When you think I am aught of a loon. I chased the Egyptians over the plains, And the tiger's cub bound by the heels, For I was knighted the Sovereign of the cranes. And King of the tadpoles and cels. In the shell of a clam the Atlantic I rost, And, astride of a three-legged stool, I galloped all over the world with Jack Frost, And yet, you would think me a fool!

I am a man, sir, that strained at the gnat And swallowed the camel, and then Through the eyes of a mouse I would like a rat Just to tickle the children of men. I was once chosen lord of high Dutch when a lad For proving (conclusively, too,) That the old table of multiplication was bad, And giving the wise men a new.

Not very long she was, for I was sick; O! I callized it salid o' the main, And I put on the top of its crater a brick, And then it got quiet again. I returned o' the sea by the cable, and found That every thing here had gone wrong; In spite of my orders the world had gone round, And the moon's cheese was skippered and strong.

But I righted all things in less time than a snail Could blow on a knot-hole a tane. And stood on the fence with a rotten old rail And knocked in the face of the moon. And then I saw all the steeples in town Go by each other o' a broom; With the tongues of their bells ringing, "Oh, Betty Brown!"

I laughed like jolly simeon!

I often have pastime in taking a ride On a beautiful bubble of soap, Pass an hour swinging with pleasure and pride.

On a gossamer thread for a rope, Or science I talk with a one-eyed hop-toad Who says he's a cousin of mine, While the grasshopper sits by the side of the road.

And plays on his banjo, Lang Syne.

Mad? Don't you see how I've parted my hair In this style, and also my name? I've written to me a full o' poetry rare, And expect to live long as the same!

Lest my enemies should stab me with arsenic, I'm wrapt In a Feudal post-office mail-coat, Jing! off the roof of my mouth I once slipp'd And nearly fell into my throat!

And let me bestow this advice, If you ever should tumble up six pairs of stairs, Take a lesson in minding your eyes.

The Two Counts.  
A STORY OF SPAIN.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

Now, Inez La Vega, decide between us. Speaking for one, I have loved thee long, as well thou knowest. For Garcia, there, I can not speak. He says he loves thee, and if he lies, Jesu help him!"

While the Spaniard spoke, his eyes were fastened upon a beautiful and regal-looking woman, who stood beneath the unbranched boughs of a giant tree, whose shades fell upon the waves of the Guadalquivir.

Garcia Valgega, a handsome man, whose soldiery bearing attested honor and bravery, stood by her side.

It was evident that the speaker had suddenly come upon the twain at what might be a trysting-place, for confusion still marked the beauty's face, while that of Ferdinand was aflame with anger.

"Yes, decide betwixt us, Inez," said Garcia Valgega. "And be that decision what it may, I will honorably abide by it. Ferdinand, here, loves thee as do I. I have never craved thy dimpled hand, girl; but thou hast fathomed my heart. I know it; those eyes tell me so. Soon I march at the head of my retainers, to meet the invading French, and Ferdinand marches beneath the same banner, dost thou not?"

"Yes," answered La Vintresse, tartly. "Girl, decide between us this night—this hour—this minute!"

It was a painful moment for Inez La Vega.

The noblest blood in Andalusia now stood before her, suitors for her hand. And she must choose one and reject the other—sending one to death upon the gory battlefield, and dying, curse her for his bloody end. Both were handsome—favorites at the famous court of Charles—and they had long wooed her, she felt, with noble intentions. But there was a coldness, a haughtiness, about La Vintresse which she did not like. To her it seemed a beautiful snow idol with the gorgeous glitter of ice, while his rival was warm-hearted, passionate, a true son of Spain, the victor on thirty acclamations.

For a long time she was silent. The rivals awaited with impatience the conclusion of the mental battle that raged in her mind.

At length her eyes lifted, and she spoke: "Swear!" she said, glancing from Valgega to La Vintresse, "that my decision shall be honored—that, after its rendition, you will still be friends."

Instantly two swords flashed from their ornamented scabbards, and, in the mellow moonlight, the soldiers swore that the lady's decision should be duly honored.

A moment later she stretched forth her hand to Valgega.

"This hand, Garcia, is thine," she said, in her silvery voice, "as this heart long has been."

An exclamation of joy parted the count's lips, and he rained hot kisses upon Inez's cheeks.

A cloud, pregnant with the gloom of midnight, swept across La Vintresse's face, and something like an oath issued from his heart, as he turned his back upon the scene.

"Come, Garcia, let us return to the castle," whispered Inez. "Ferdinand's blood boils in his veins, and he will forget his oath."

"No," said the count. "He thinks our embrace too holy for him to witness—that is all, girl, Ferdinand!"

The mad count turned, as turns the adder upon the foot that tramples it.

Mingled hate and anger flashed from his eyes.

"Schemer!" he hissed, and his bright blade threw the Cynthia rays far out on the waves of the Guadalquivir.

Garcia's lips grew paler at the word that his rival shot at him.

"What mean you?" he demanded.

"I mean, sir, that you have poisoned the lady Inez's mind against your peer. Ere

this night she promised to be your bride. She's a deceiver, as false as hell and fallen angels!"

"Liar!" shouted Valgega, springing forward, and his hand almost drew blood from his rival's face.

"Satisfaction!" grated La Vintresse, from between clenched teeth.

"I willingly accord it at the sword's point," was the undaunted reply. "Name your ground and time."

"In yonder glade," cried La Vintresse, pointing to a spot about as light as noon-day. "Time now!"

Inez tried to reconcile the mad rivals, but without avail.

"Go to the castle, girl," whispered her lover. "No better swordsman than Garcia Valgega dwells in Andalusia."

She knew that.

"Do not slay him, Garcia," she pleaded. "He's a brave soldier, and, at this juncture, the country can ill spare him."

"I promise thee, girl, that he shall live—hast thou not pleaded for the villain? I should run him through. Farewell!"

He dismissed her with a kiss that drew an oath from La Vintresse, and she hurried to the castle, whose white walls glistened in the moonlight.

When he looked upon his rival, an attendant stood at his side, and the next moment he summoned his own esquire from the bushes, where he was waiting the conclusion of the love interview between the lovers.

The glade was soon reached, and the antagonists faced each other with drawn swords.

The word was given, the glittering blades met, and, by a dexterous maneuver, which was an apt illustration of Garcia's knowledge of fencing, La Vintresse's sword was knocked from his grip.

It fell at his antagonist's feet.

"Ferdinand, I could kill thee," said Valgega, picking up the fallen sword; "but, I distain to shed La Vintresse's blood. It has too oft been poured for Spain on the field

A light shriek broke her colorless lips apart, and, starting back, she hissed the word, "Traitor!"

"What have I betrayed?" he asked. "My country?"

"No—my confidence."

"Which is but a straw between me and the attainment of my vengeance," he retorted. "Girl, this night, in my castle, you become, willing or not, the bride of La Vintresse, and if Valgega seeks you, I'll toss him your body, with a knife sticking in your heart."

His mustached lip touched Inez's ear, but while he hissed forth those terrible words, and while the last still quivered in his lips, he raised her half-unconscious form in his arms, and bore her into a copse that kissed the water's edge.

There was tethered a somber steed, and into the rich saddle La Vintresse vaulted with his beautiful burden.

"I've outwitted you, Sir Garcia!" he hissed, as he darted away. "You never thought that my gold would admit me into the masquerade of La Vega's castle," and he laughed bitterly, but triumphantly, over his dastardly deed.

Once beyond the province of La Vega, he slackened his rapid gait to rest his steed, for the ride to his own castle, he knew, was not beset with dangers.

Now he left the river and rode through a dark defile, now he galloped down the valley, and struck the river again. The major portion of the road was stony, and the sound of his black steed's feet rung far away on the crisp autumn air.

The further he rode the more triumphant his cold heart grew, and all at once a song of victory burst from his throat—the first song of his that ever fell upon Inez's ears.

She listened to it with strange feelings, for the voice stamped the singer a prince among vocalists.

Ah! La Vintresse, the titled villain, knew not who waited for him in the dark defile he was about to enter. He never dreamed that, while he rode down the stony paths, a



THE TWO COUNTS.

horseman galloped from La Vega castle, by a shorter route, to intercept him among the mountains.

Like an equestrian statue, a coal-black horse, with a motionless rider, were dimly relieved against the gloomy sides of the pass; and all at once La Vintresse felt his bridle-rein gripped by a gauntleted hand, and his steed forced back upon his haunches.

"Scoundrel!" yelled La Vintresse, quickly recovering from the surprise, and the next instant he leveled a blow at the hand that gripped the reins.

Against the polished steel the sword snapped with a sharp report, and he threw the useless weapon at his enemy.

"Yield!" cried his antagonist.

"Never!" shouted La Vintresse, who recognized the voice of his foe—Garcia Valgega!

He drew a poniard from his bosom.

"Drop my reins," he cried, "or I'll hurl Inez La Vega, with a cleft heart, into your face!"

There was the determination of a desperate man—driven to the wall—in his tones, and, for a moment, Valgega was unnerved.

The life of Inez hung upon a thread. He saw the poniard elevated above her heart, and well he knew the hand that held it.

"Let me pass!" cried Ferdinand.

The word bubbled to his lips, though he tried to keep it back.

"There!" rang out La Vintresse's voice; the poniard descended, and the white-robed girl was thrown forward!

She landed upon her lover's left arm, as the villain's steed, released, bounded forward.

A yell broke from Garcia's lips, as he received his stricken love, and the next instant his broadsword, keen as a razor, fell upon his rival's plume.

Not a groan followed the blow, and the steel flew from the pass with a ghastly rider, whose cleft head lay upon each shoulder!

Garcia turned his attention to Inez.

She breathed. He examined the wound. Oh, fortune! the golden locket, containing his portrait, had turned aside the assassin's dirk, and the wound was not mortal.

Like the wind he rode for La Vega, and he marched to the field of battle, the beautiful Inez became his bride. It afterward turned out that he knew that the masked Boabdil was La Vintresse, whom he followed so soon as he discovered his lady's absence.

During a recent voyage from Bangor, Me., the schooner Emily Hillard, Captain Trimble, was overtaken by a fearful storm, and the captain's wife, who was on board, took her turn at the pumps regularly, and once, when the worn-out seamen declared they would pump no longer, she took an ax and threatened instant death to the first man who left his station. She carried her point, and the vessel and lives were saved.

## Recollections of the South.

## A "Risky" Shot.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

THE winter of 1859 found me enjoying the hospitality of my old frontier comrade and friend, W—, who, with an eye to the beautiful as well as comfortable, to say nothing in regard to pecuniary considerations, had located his homestead amid that lovely region lying round about Tamp Bay on the west coast of Florida.

The house was situated some half-mile, or more, back from the beach upon the summit of a gentle rise, and completely embowered in a grove of grand old live oaks and flowering magnolias.

The only possible objection that could have been urged against his choice of location, was the existence of a large lagoon lying off to the eastward of the house, but not so far away but one standing on the southern or front piazza could see the shimmer of water through rifts in the dense foliage that grew on the lower level land.

It was said by many that during the almost tropical heat of summer this body of still water must necessarily breed more or less of malaria, and the assertion was true, but even this, in my opinion, was to be looked upon as a secondary danger.

The lagoon, the waters of which were unusually deep, was literally alive with alligators, some of which had attained to enormous size, by far the largest I had ever seen, save, perhaps, those that lurk in the seedy marshes of and above the delta of the Mississippi.

It soon came to be with me a favorite sport to secure a good position on the banks of the lagoon and make targets of these fellows' eyes, a very difficult one to hit "plum center."

The old saw, that "familiarity breeds contempt," was thoroughly verified in the

ing came the recollection of the fierce creatures upon whom I had been waging war the afternoon.

Scream followed scream in rapid succession, each sounding clearer as I drew near the spot, for by this time I was running as I never ran before, feeling the powder into the barrel of my rifle, and then dropping in the heavy, conical ball without patch, shoved it down, throwing the rod away.

This was an old trick, learned in many a "tight place" on the western plains, and it was done instinctively rather than with any fixed purpose, or idea that it would be immediately required.

Of a sudden the cries ceased, when I had traversed, perhaps, two-thirds of the way, but the deathlike silence that followed was even more terrible than the shrieks had been.

Another moment and I had burst through the chapparal, that thickly lined the borders of the lagoon, and then the cause of this startling alarm was revealed in all its hideousness.

Two of the children, the eldest and youngest, both boys, were standing on the bank, a few paces back from the water whither they had fled, gazing, with blank terror written upon their young faces, out upon the lagoon, where, at a distance of ten or fifteen feet, a fearful scene was being enacted.

It required but a single glance to see that my first fear on hearing the scream was only too near the mark.

At the distance above named, I beheld a huge alligator, one of the very largest and *scraggliest* of his kind, in whose immense jaws was held, evidently by the dress only, for she struggled violently, the second child, a sweet little girl of eight or nine years, while clinging, with the strength of despair, to her charge's arms and shoulder, was the quadruon nurse, who, at this moment, again made the forest ring with her shrieks.

Hastily dropping my rifle, I felt for my hunting-knife, which, to my dismay, I found was not in its sheath. I had used it in taking my rifle apart, and it was then sticking in the log upon which I had sat.

The emergency was a desperate one.

I saw that there was not a moment to lose, for the great beast was getting furious, as I saw by the way he was beginning to lash the water, at being thus deprived of his prey, beside which the disturbance was fast bringing others to the spot. I could see their black, knotty heads protruding from the water here and there, all concentrating toward the place where the contest was going on.

Further, I saw that the alligator that held the child's clothing in its grasp would soon let go his hold, and, by a sudden attack, secure a better and far more deadly one. This fact alone was sufficiently appalling, and showed me that desperate measures must be resorted to.

The brave girl clung to her charge, strivings desperately to tear the clothes away, but they were new and strong, and would not give. She seemed not to see, or if so, she cared not for the other monsters that were bearing down upon her.

My readers will remember that what I have taken so long to write, passed through my mind and before my eyes in a single instant; indeed the time consumed was only enough to permit of my snatching up the rifle, drawing back the hammer, and bringing the piece to my face.

I knew that I must fire from where I stood. Any advance into the water would have instantly brought on the catastrophe, for I fancied the beast had become more savage even at the sight of me upon the bank.

Shouting to the girl to pull steadily upon the child for a moment, and stoop as low in the water as possible, I braced myself firmly for the desperate risk.

With wonderful coolness she obeyed, and as she crouched down into the water,